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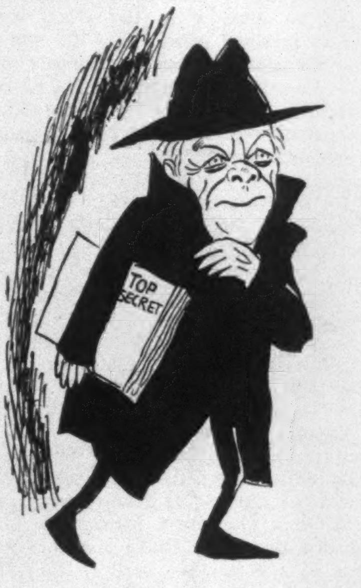

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Behind the Counter

White-Collar Militants

On Monday the three railway unions served notice of a new wage demand. On Tuesday a TUC delegation bluntly told Mr Selwyn Lloyd that his recent emergency measures had made co-operation with the government 'more difficult than it had ever been before'. In the next few weeks other trade unions are likely to reject the 'wage pause': it is their inevitable response to the Chancellor's attempt, by squeezing the economy, to prepare the way for Britain to enter the Common Market.

Yet, for once, it is not just the industrial unions which are making the running. The most bitter reaction to Mr Lloyd has come from the white-collar groups which have a tradition of restraint and have hitherto been opposed to militant action – the teachers, civil servants, local government officers and the office staffs in the nationalised industries. They are rightly indignant that the government has struck first and savagely at the public sector.

More is involved, however, than an effort to prevent salary increases. The government, as Mr Harry Douglass pointed out on Tuesday, is attacking the principle and the practice of the arbitration system and seeking to replace proper negotiation by economic decrees – an action which hits directly at the moderate white-collar unions, for these have always been the strongest supporters of arbitration methods. Sir David Eccles, for instance, has done more than throw out the proposed salary scale for teachers: he is trying to destroy the long-accepted Burnham system by which salaries have previously been fixed. The same is true in other parts of the public service. In order to impose its wages policy the Macmillan government is prepared to wreck the delicate machinery of arbitration.

How can it be so foolish? It may, perhaps, be counting on the facts that public servants are not prone to strike and that a high proportion of them are middle-class or professional people who have no sympathy with militant Labour ideas. In that case, it has misread the situation: the white-collar groups may not be politically radical, but in recent years they have been organising themselves at a rate which makes them the fastest-growing and, in some ways, most efficient unions in the country. The National and Local Government Officers Association, for example, has grown by 80 per cent since the war, and with 274,000 members it ranks seventh in the trade union movement. Significantly, at its recent conference, it added a strike clause to its constitution. The National Union of Teachers is now nearly as large, and there have been sizeable increases in other white-collar unions.

These unions, moreover, have undertaken a wide range of activities for their members, such as insurance schemes, loans for house-purchase, legal aid, holiday and sports facilities, which require highly competent and substantial staffs to service them. In this respect they have been breaking new ground for British trade unions.

In attacking these unions the government is thus making itself enemies in precisely the social stratum where 'modern' Conservatism won votes for Tory MPs and where it previously rallied support against the alleged excesses of 'selfish' union bosses. It is easier, now, for a teacher or a local government clerk to understand why Mr Cousins called out the busmen in 1958.

This change has far-reaching implications. Even before Mr Lloyd decided to strain the goodwill of all those who loyally serve the community there were signs of unrest. Appeals to the public interest come oddly from a government which encourages speculation and private enrichment, which puts incentives for surtax-payers before the legitimate claims of teachers. It would be ludicrous to conclude that the wave of militancy now sweeping white-collar groups for the first time is the harbinger of a massive and automatic swing to Labour. But the Tory free-for-all is at least beginning to teach them John Kenneth Galbraith's lesson that private affluence is bought at the cost of public squalor.

Comments on the Week's News

Punta del Este

Alliance for Progress?

K. S. KAROL *writes:* Was the conference at Punta del Este, as President Kennedy claimed, 'one of the most significant meetings in the history of the Western Hemisphere in this century?' This certainly was the line taken by, for instance, the press in Mexico, Venezuela and Guatemala, three countries I visited while the conference was in session. But in Latin America the press, heavily subsidised and often influenced by US interests, is suspect. In private talks with politicians, intellectuals and even the journalists who write the editorials, I got quite a different impression. To them, Punta del Este poses a crisis of conscience. The US offer of $20,000 million, to be spread over 10 years, is a tempting proposition for these countries, burdened with chronic budgetary deficits, inflation and lack of capital. But they know perfectly well that this sum is directly linked to the US crusade against Castro. Two years ago, the US rejected as fantastic Castro's plea for a $30,000 million development programme for Latin-America; only a year ago, at Bogota, the US government was still urging that the main capital development funds should come from private investment; now, after the fiasco of the Bay of Pigs, the money is to be found. Naturally, the Latin Americans are pleased; but they also suspect and fear that the price of acceptance is to be their participation in the anti-Castro crusade.

At Punta del Este, Che Guevarra, leading the Cuban delegation, played skilfully on these fears. The US delegate, Douglas Dillon, had declared from the start that the conference ought to confine itself to economic matters and rule out any political discussion. Che's response was to produce a bundle of documents stolen from the brief-case of the US ambassador in Caracas. This unfortunate gentleman, a Puerto Rican appointed by Kennedy because of his knowledge of Spanish and his Latin American affinities, was unwise enough to pay a visit to the Central University in Caracas, always a hotbed of left-wing extremists. There his car was burned and his documents, of a highly confidential nature, abstracted – and inevitably handed over to the Cubans. According to Che, these papers proved conclusively that the Alliance For Progress was an economic bribe with a political motive – to swing such countries as Mexico and Brazil firmly into the anti-Castro camp. The US and Venezuelan delegates promptly denounced the documents as forgeries.

Mr Dillon did his best to retrieve the situation. He kept off politics; he agreed to suppress the credits originally allocated for propaganda on behalf of the Alliance; he even opposed a Peruvian motion to include an anti-Castro passage in the final resolution. The plan went through (only Cuba refused to sign), and Latin America will get $1,000 million in the current year, to be distributed (after some haggling behind the scenes) by the Inter-American Bank. Arrangements were also made for private capital, from Canada, Japan and West Europe, to be linked to the scheme.

All this could be described as a modified success for Dillon. But it is significant that, immediately afterwards, the Brazilians found it politic to stage a royal reception for Che, who was presented with Brazil's highest decoration by President Quadros himself. This, of course, infuriated the Americans and the Brasilian rich but it is the sort of gesture Latin American governments increasingly find themselves obliged to make in order to convince their public opinion that acceptance of US aid does not involve a new colonial servitude. It would be unjust to regard the Alliance For Progress as nothing more than a manoeuvre against Cuba; but my own guess is that it will not succeed unless Washington keeps a tight rein on private US corporations operating in the area and, secondly, wins back the confidence of the Latin Americans by dropping its obsession about Castro.

Washington

Danger in the Shadows

ROBERT BENDINER *writes:* A good deal of the Senate's time in these days of crisis is being given over to a menace that has little to do with the trouble in Berlin. It is not Communism that has been preoccupying Senators of the far right lately, but something called 'anti-anti-Communism', a barbarism coined by the intellectual wing of the McCarthy movement. Senators Thurmond of South Carolina, Goldwater of Arizona, and Mundt of South Dakota believe that anti-anti-Communism is now rampant in the Department of Defence and that it has been spread by one of their own colleagues. Their target of the month is not Krushchev or Mao Tse-tung, but Senator J. William Fulbright.

The offence of the Arkansas Democrat took the form of a confidential memorandum to President Kennedy and Defence Secretary McNamara in which he warned against allowing military officers to go overboard in their programmes of indoctrinating troops, and the public as well, on the threat of Communism. Specifically the memorandum protested against public programmes sponsored by the military in which 'radical right-wing speakers' equated 'social legislation with Socialism and the latter with Communism'.

In part the vehemence of the attack on Fulbright (Thurmond went to the length of requesting an official investigation of the 'secret' memorandum) stems from a desire by some Southern politicians to unseat him in next year's elections. In spite of lip service to the moderate Southern positions on civil rights and such, he has always been something of an outsider in the Dixie band. Insofar as personal politics was the motivation for the assault, President Kennedy must have let down Fulbright's foes with a bit of a jolt. The Senator had sent his memorandum, the President revealed, at the express request of the Secretary of Defence and in Kennedy's judgment he had 'performed a service'.

As for the issue itself, Mr Kennedy wants a clarification of the National Security Council's 1958 directive which first charged military leaders with the job of providing anti-Communist indoctrination. 'There is no desire to restrain or prevent any military man from speaking; what we are concerned about, however, always is that they not be exploited for any partisan purpose'. It might be noted at this point that a House investigating committee last year turned up the interesting fact that 762 former top-ranking military officers were currently employed by the country's 100 leading defence contractors.

If Senators Thurmond, Mundt and Goldwater find the gentle brake currently being applied to the military hard to take, they might profitably compare Mr Kennedy's soft words with a remarkably blunt and unexpected passage in President Eisenhower's farewell talk to the nation in January. Warning of the 'conjunction of an immense military establishment and a large arms industry', General Eisenhower added: 'We must never let the weight of this combination endanger our liberties or democratic processes.' No fonder of the welfare state than Senator Goldwater, he must have seen a greater danger lurking in the shadows.

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NEXT WEEK

Cuba and its Neighbours

A report from Central America by

K. S. KAROL

VICKY'S **Berlin Notebook**

British Guiana

Jagan Resurgent

Our Commonwealth Correspondent writes: Cheddi Jagan's clear-cut victory in the British Guiana election raises this South American colony to the status of an international problem again. Since the crisis of 1953 when Jagan was deposed and imprisoned, and the constitution suspended, the country has been slowly working its passage back towards political responsibility. Now Jagan is to become Chief Minister, responsible for his country's internal affairs, with the probability of a date for independence being agreed next year. The Americans have already begun to make hysterical noises about the dangers of Communism becoming established on their continent, fearful that Jagan will become a second Castro. The party they are said to finance, Peter D'Aguir's United Force, has been roundly defeated, whilst Forbes Burnham's People's National Party, Socialist but more acceptable than Jagan's People's Progressive Party, secured a substantial vote but cannot rival Jagan's parliamentary majority.

Jagan himself is well aware of his delicate position. He realises that he owes his victory largely to the superior numbers of the Indian population which backs him against Burnham's Negro supporters He knows that despite his genuine attempts to accept democratic methods he is still suspected of Communism. If he is to lead his country into independence next year in a spirit of national unity he has to attract Negro support and calm the fears of the business community. If he is to avoid international incidents he must reassure the Americans. Yet his most desperate need is for development capital. He has already made deals with Castro; if he cannot secure British and American capital he must turn to the East.

Labour Party

The Five Absentees

It now looks as if none of the five Labour members (including Mr Michael Foot and Mr Sydney Silverman), from whom the whip was withdrawn last March, will be able to attend this year's Labour Party conference – except in the most extra-mural of capacities. Their exclusion, which is now being treated as a matter of established fact, is based on a single – and up to now largely forgotten – clause in the Labour Party constitution. About that clause, however, there can be little dispute: for it lays down quite firmly that members of parliament who are not members of the Parliamentary Labour Party are ineligible to act as delegates to the Labour Party conference.

Yet the implications behind this rule have understandably been causing concern. The whole point about a withdrawal of the parliamentary whip has always been supposed to be that it is purely a parochial matter: a sanction necessary to the Parliamentary Labour Party to allow it to run its own business effectively without transgressing on the disciplinary prerogatives of the National Executive. It is indeed precisely because a withdrawal of the whip is seen merely as a half-way house of displeasure that the Shadow Cabinet has usually succeeded in persuading the Parliamentary meeting to acquiesce in its use of the sanction without provoking a major demonstration. Until now everyone has been able to reflect comfortingly that, however tedious it is to be deprived of all the facilities of the party in parliament, the offender will be left as an individual member in good standing with the organisation at large.

This year's zealous unearthing of a clause – which has lain virtually undisturbed ever since 1929 – has, however, altered all that. It has also, ironically, had the effect of turning a lot of Labour's recent arguments on their heads.

For the main argument employed by those who struggled against last year's unilateralist conference decision – which in any case the erring five members claimed to be obeying – was that the Parliamentary Labour Party was a completely autonomous body entitled to go its own considered way. That argument is only tenable if the decisions of the parliamentary party are seen as something quite separate from those of the party conference. The moment the parliamentary party's decisions (in this case not even 'taken note of' by the National Executive) can be shown to have a direct bearing on the membership of the conference itself, that argument necessarily begins to look pretty suspect. And the leadership can scarcely complain if its critics now claim that it is trying to have it both ways.

The point at issue may not be a momentous one – and it is certainly not to be confused with the rejection of Mr Wedgwood Benn's nomination to which even the chairman of the party gave his backing this week. But as a straw in the wind it should not be overlooked. When parliament re-assembles in October the Shadow Cabinet will be producing a new yoke for Labour members in the shape of a revised version of standing orders – which only two years ago the party decided to do without. Mr Gaitskell will be doing himself and the party a grave disservice if he decides to celebrate his triumph with a reversion to disciplinary practices which at the last election did the party great damage both locally and nationally. It could even profitably be remembered that Mr Aneurin Bevan's last service to the party was to try to give it a welcome libertarian new look.

Swansea

Battlefield of the Revolution

JOHN MORGAN *writes:* The decision by the University College here to conduct an enquiry into the lower Swansea Valley, an enquiry supported by the Nuffield Foundation, the government and the borough council sounds, on the face of it, an academic exercise. In fact, it will mean, should all go well, the obliteration of the most extensive and most impressive monument to the Industrial Revolution in Britain. The inquiry will cost £50,000. It will be directed at the area's history, at the origin and cost of removal of its remarkable coal and slag heaps, at its contours, its conditions for possible plant growth and, significantly, at possible future developments in the area. The aim, ideally, is to bring a wheel full circle after 200 years and attempt to restore to a valley desolated by the rise and fall of industires its original character as one of the most salubrious in Wales.

A visitor from the east arriving at Swansea takes some time to recover from his first view of the shallow valley. Derelict copper works, hollow since the Nineties, crumble on ash promontories shot through with crimson and black. The waste land stretches away for miles, broken here and there by ancient colliery workings, even by an old farmhouse. The river is stinking with an old pollution; the canal horribly overgrown. A cricket field, created on one of the innumerable coal tips, shines like an emerald. The slime on disused wharfs glitters differently. At night the desolate landscape, encircled by hills but for the river-mouth, has a lunar character.

Coal has been worked in the area since the 14th century (the borough's last pit is due to close shortly). In the 18th and 19th centuries copper, iron and tinplate made the valley one of the world's principal metal refining areas. The Welsh peasantry poured down-valley; the Irish of the famine arrived at the new, expanding docks. The town became the biggest in Wales. The Vivians, Dillwyns and Llewelyns built their mock-Gothic castles on the greener side of town, sat in parliament. Their workers built enormous chapels, had the best rugby football team in the world, were struck down with cholera, the McKinley tariff and, eventually, the inexorable slumps of the system. In the meantime Siemen had established the steel industry in the valley, but this was not enough to preserve the crucible where great wealth, a new society and a new bitterness had been forged. By the turn of the century much of what is now desolate already lay in ruins. Curiosities remained to be discovered. I remember, in the Forties, often talking to a man living among the copperworks' ruins who drank meths out of remorse at being a member of a firing squad in 1917; and discovering a small heap of waste, ballast from a Cape Horner, in which grew exotic Chile plants. The adventure and suffering of a people was easily imagined among these enormous slag heaps.

Attempts to clear away this wreckage have failed in the past through a lack of money and difficulty in establishing land-ownership. Landowners whose families in the past derived profit from leasing it to industrialists, are not always so easily discovered when repairing the damage of profit remains a sole obligation. The families who made great fortunes in the area made them at a time when the sense of moral propriety didn't extend to leaving places clean and tidy. The university enquiry may have better luck. The survey area extends for 900 acres. Cleaned-up it could be profitable to someone. It should encourage them that two years ago, for the first time in 80 years, a fish was able to make its way up the River Tawe. It might also be an idea to preserve one of the ruined copper or zinc or steel works as a memorial to an era more central to the history and tradition of the Welsh people than many of the castles from which earlier strangers ruled.

Northern Rhodesia

Compulsive Folly

One is driven to the conclusion that the British government's policy in Central Africa has become compulsive. Every phase in the tragic train of recent events in Northern Rhodesia has been predicted, not least in these columns. The whole stupid story is simply a repetition of the histories of India, Ghana, Cyprus, Nyasaland and many others. A national leader, Kenneth Kaunda, has tried to walk the tight-rope between maintaining his country's legitimate anti-colonial claims and working in co-operation with British gradualist policy. Because of reactionary hysteria from a privileged minority and reactionary voices in Westminster, he has been pushed off his delicate path. Kaunda, like his predecessors, Nehru, Nkrumah, Makarios and Banda, is now faced with the alternative of betraying his nationalist responsibilities or going to gaol for pursuing a policy which the Colonial Office itself admits must ultimately prevail. Meanwhile his position as a conciliatory leader is jeopardised because his policy of negotiation has been sabotaged by British appeasement of those who hope to maintain minority privilege for a few more years. As a result violence is spreading.

If, even at this late hour, the Colonial Office is to save Northern Rhodesia from yet another violent colonial emergency, Iain Macleod himself will have to take an early plane for Lusaka. His last chance is to confer with Northern Rhodesian leaders of all races on the spot, without allowing any further Federal interference. The fact that many whites are becoming appalled at the prospect of a long struggle, inevitably damaging the economy, provides an opportunity for Macleod to negotiate those minor changes in his constitution which could save the peace.

Groping in the Dark

FLANN CAMPBELL

We spend far too little upon education in Britain – not much more than four per cent of the national income as against five per cent in America and six per cent in Russia. But are we getting value for the £800m we do spend? Is any of this money wasted, could it be used more economically and might we get better results with different methods?

The first difficulty is to decide what we are trying to measure and what tests of efficiency should be used. Education will probably always remain more an art than a science, and many of the most valuable things in our schools and colleges are hard (but surely not impossible) to assess. Growth of personality and character, development of ethical standards, improvement in physique, emotional maturity – all these are important, and yet not easily susceptible to precise and accurate measurement. Success or failure for the teacher in the classroom may sometimes be a concept just as intangible as, say, happiness in marriage.

Is Manchester Grammar School the best school in the country because it wins most open scholarship awards to Oxford and Cambridge? Is the money allocated to St Cuthbert's Junior School better spent than the money allocated to St Ethelrede's because St Cuthbert's gets five places annually in the local grammar school and St Ethelrede's only one? Is Miss Jones worth a special responsibility allowance because she teaches to Advanced Level, and Mr Smith worth only the basic scale because he teaches to Ordinary Level? Are the children in the new glass palace happier and healthier, or likely to grow up better citizens, than the children in the Victorian horror only a few streets away? Does the higher learning flourish more abundantly in expensive halls of residence as compared with cheap digs or the ordinary home? What is the comparative value of lectures and tutorials; and what is the suitability of different courses for students with a wide range of social origins, ability and vocational destination?

The most disturbing thing about these questions is not that they are hard to answer – clearly, they raise value-judgments of great depth and complexity – but that we don't know, we don't seem to care, and we show little evidence of being interested in trying to find out. The truth is that education is still largely like medicine was before the days of Pasteur – those in authority rely mainly upon tradition and convention rather than serious research and investigation. Intuition and hunches take the place of experiment, soundness is preferred to imagination, commonsense and experience are all. As *The Times Educational Supplement* aptly says, we 'grope in the dark'. 'Daily we take decisions', said Dr Wall of the National Foundation for Educational Research, 'involving the lives of children and the very future of society – as well as millions of pounds – on no better than guesswork, prejudice or pious hope.'

The most obvious and fruitful way in which we might begin to remedy some of these deficiencies would be to spend more money on educational research. At present, the resources available for this kind of investigation (as indeed for most types of social research) are ridiculously inadequate. It is only recently that the Ministry of Education has begun to consider the formation of its own research group; the National Foundation for Educational Research employs no more than 12 research workers and its budget in no way corresponds to its responsibilities. The universities employ very few research workers in education, and these are mostly poorly paid and have no proper clerical support. The London County Council, which spends over a million pounds a week on its schools and colleges, has no separate research department. In Scotland, where the total annual bill for education amounts to over £80m, there is one full-time professional research worker employed by the Scottish Council for Research in Education. This Council had an income of £8,000 in 1959-60. The Crowther committee, faced by serious gaps in our knowledge of the educational system, was forced to try and fill them by special *ad hoc* enquiries: the Robbins Committee is now finding that it must do the same for higher education.

Dr Wall recently estimated that the entire expenditure on empirical educational research in the United Kingdom (including part-time work) amounted to £125,000 or 0.014 per cent of the total expenditure on education. This compares with over £3m spent (with nearly 2,000 full-time workers employed) on market research for advertising, the Agricultural Research Council estimate for 1960-61 of £5.3m, and the Medical Research Council estimate for 1961-62 of £5.6m (to which must be added expenditure on research in hospitals, universities, the British Empire Cancer Fund, the pharmaceutical companies and the large foundations). The Department of Scientific and Industrial Research estimate for 1960-61 was £12.7m.

The HMI's and local inspectors, who are supposed to be the watchdogs of financial probity and efficiency, have not the time, resources or training for large-scale educational research. They are preoccupied with routine work, and they are not generally encouraged to initiate far-reaching experiments or to make long-term surveys. Moreover, their reports are usually strictly confidential, and the benefit of their accumulated experience and wisdom – and this is typical of the official attitude – is not made available to the public or even to research workers.

Paradoxically, the Ministry's one major effort in the field of research and development – that of its architectural group, and the organisation it sponsored, CLASP (Consortium of Local Authorities Special Programme) – has proved remarkably effective, keeping the cost per place of its school buildings below the 1949 level during a period when the costs of materials and labour have risen substantially. But then this group is concerned with bricks and mortar, not human beings.

If more money was made available, then the next stage would be to decide its allocation. The experience of the natural sciences suggests that the future of research lies more with teams than with individuals, and an essential first step should be the doubling or trebling of the financial resources of the strongest and most experienced team existing in this country, the National Foundation for Educational Research. Every university education department might well have a group of psychologists, sociologists, economists and statisticians who, for the price of one small primary school, could be employed for several years on a major research project. Above all, it is the duty of the University Grants Committee, and of the Ministry of Education, to strengthen their own research activities.

Nowadays, there is a tendency to discount the efforts of individuals. Dr Wall, for example, says: 'A moment's thought will demonstrate that the day of the brilliant and lonely pioneer is practically over.' Yet in the last decade the whole field of educational sociology has begun to be opened up by gifted individuals (such as Dr Tropp on teachers, Mrs Banks on curriculum, Dr Cotgrove on technical education, Mrs Floud and Mr Halsey on social mobility), working under the guidance of Professor David Glass of the London School of Economics. In other fields, one thinks of the impact upon educational thought of the work of such 'lonely pioneers' as A. D. C. Peterson of Oxford (on curriculum), John Vaizey of London (on the economics of education), and Robin Pedley of Leicester (on comprehensive schools).

If significant progress is to be made in research of this kind, there must be, as Dr Wall points out, collaboration between workers in related but different disciplines who can call on substantial clerical and technical assistance. This large-scale approach to research will inevitably involve much more central direction and control, and the widest co-operation between the Ministry of Education, the National Foundation for Educational Research, the local authorities and the universities. There is no reason why some of the work should not be farmed out to schools and colleges. In fact, if the danger of dehumanizing research is to be avoided, then it is essential to have the participation of practising teachers.

Methods of social investigation have made rapid progress in this country during recent years, and once the financial resources are made available then research techniques will steadily improve. A more fundamental and serious argument is likely to develop about the nature of the problems which should be studied and the topics to be chosen for research. The tendency in the past has been to concentrate on those problems which suit administrative convenience – more money has probably been spent on trying to perfect the 11-plus examination than all other aspects of educational research – and it is essential that there should be wide opportunity for independent enquiries of all kinds, particularly in the universities.

Controversy over value-judgments may be prolonged and even acrimonious, but the important thing at the moment is not to try and achieve full agreement about what is, and what is not, vital for the future of education, but to get projects going in a number of different directions. The Crowther committee raised half a dozen hares which might usefully be pursued by a research team for the next ten years. Nearly a score of major topics for investigation are proposed in a recent memorandum submitted to the Ministry of Education by an inter-party group of MPs and peers, the Parliamentary and Scientific Committee.

Within a few years Britain will probably be spending £1,000m a year on education. Is it impossible to devote one two-thousandth part of this trying to discover whether we are making the right decisions, choosing the correct priorities and spending our money to the best economic advantage – as well as achieving the maximum satisfaction for our children and teachers?

London Diary

CRITIC

I don't disapprove of everything this week. I disapprove of Mr Lyndon Johnson, ball-point pencils and all, encouraging the East Germans to think the US will liberate them; indeed, that seems to me wicked because they may believe him. I disapprove of the American who said the British could 'take it' last time and America can take it this time; he fails to understand that no one can 'take' H-bombs, and he implies that we in Europe ought to be content to die in order that the Chinese, if anyone, should survive to rebuild the world. I disapprove of the ban on the Trafalgar Square demonstration arranged by the Committee of 100. On the other hand I strongly approve of Mr McNamara, the US Defence Minister, who told Americans that 50 millions of them would die in a nuclear war. I approve of the brilliantly funny caricature of Macmillan in *Beyond the Fringe*. I greatly approve, too, of the play based on C. P. Snow's *The Affair* which I saw admirably presented in Brighton. It contains a splendid protest against the division of people into the good and the bad with whom the good can't compromise. I approve, too, of the Flower Show in our village last week-end which was much more democratic and less feudal than Edward Hyams suggests such functions usually are. Oh, and that reminds me that I disapprove of the cold, infuriating wind that spoils everyone's holiday and dries up the garden. But like the other things I disapprove of, it is hard to know what to do about it.

* * *

The most interesting reaction I saw to John Osborne's violent outburst in *Tribune* appeared in the *Daily Mail*. It carried an article ridiculing a successful playwright who fulminates against his own country from a luxury retreat on the Riviera. Its leading article says that he expresses a feeling of helpless fury, which many of us share, and that logically he should then demonstrate with Bertrand Russell in Trafalgar Square. But it added that it preferred his ranting to that of 'Herr Willy Brandt's when he seeks to confuse the Berlin situation with Hitler's seizure of the Rhineland.' In short, Osborne's rhetoric may be childish, but at least it does not pretend that Berlin ought to be the excuse for a nuclear war. I detect a certain schizophrenia in the *Daily Mail* – which is how it should be, since it has within it both the Northcliffe-Rothermere tradition of blimpery and the Quaker-Liberal tradition of the *News Chronicle* which it has swallowed. It would be fun if it turned out that, as in the famous case of the man who was bitten by a dog, it was the dog that died.

* * *

No one who did not want to be deceived would be taken in by the Portuguese handouts now appearing in the press. Portugal, you will be surprised to hear, has been for a long time contemplating reforms in Angola and Mozambique – which 'are Portugal', not, as most of us would have thought, 'Portuguese colonies'. They are even to have a common market and the natives are to be better treated. The reason for the disturbances, according to one Portuguese spokesman, is that 'various Protestant sects' are 'actually dominated by Communists, while others act as agents for countries which wish to conquer new markets for their products and to acquire raw materials at low prices'. So now we know. Anything will do to cover up the facts about Portugal's 'civilizing mission', and the plans of the 30,000 Portuguese troops who are trying, apparently without much success, to burn out the Angolese, and to exterminate large numbers of them. The basic reason for the Angolese rising is, of course, forced labour, sometimes called 'contract-labour', but actually slavery. A factual report has been produced for the ILO and the UN Commission by Dr Almeida Cumba. Moderately stated though it is, it tells a horrifying story of the force and trickery by which these unhappy people are recruited to work for employers in whose hands they are completely helpless. They live on a tiny ration of the poorest food. Though there is some pretence of medical aid, they die young, without ever seeing a doctor. They are flogged and often killed with impunity, since 'any punishment inflicted upon the Africans, including death, is widely tolerated even among the judicial authorities'. They are never paid with money because deductions are made from their nominal wages for everything they have to buy in the company's stores. And so on. It is substantially the same story as that told by H. W. Nevinson (in 1904), William Cadbury (in 1908), John Harris (in 1913), and Basil Davidson (in 1954).

* * *

The Middlesbrough magistrates were quite right to impose prison sentences on some of the toughs who tried to start a race-riot. With only 3,000 coloured inhabitants, the city doesn't really possess a race-problem – indeed it has an honourable tradition of racial tolerance. These young men, after a few hours in the pubs, simply wanted a fight, and would have attacked any isolated and vulnerable group that came to hand. In such cases, a sharp sentence may act as an effective deterrent, particularly if it can be imposed the very next morning. The heavy terms imposed on the Notting Hill Gate rioters, I think most people will agree, certainly helped to end race violence in the area. Of course, there is another side to the story. Young roughs who find themselves in prison for kicking a policeman tend to come out hardened, if not professional, criminals. But this fact merely strengthens the case for modern first offenders prisons, which would provide serious remedial treatment.

* * *

Many people will remember the Ern Malley hoax in Australia during the war. Two young poets published a fake collection of poems supposed to have been written by a deceased modern poet. This jumble of words, compiled from various directories, deceived the critics, but the hoaxed got their own back by declaring that the authors, being natural poets, had written poetry without meaning to. Indeed the book is being re-published. Now another hoax has been pulled off by Mrs Harwood, a poetess who writes under the pseudonym of Walter Lehmann. Her works have often appeared in the Sydney *Bulletin*. In this case the joke consisted in ingeniously making the initial letters of the poems include an indecent comment on all editors. This seems to me a poor kind of joke, since the editor cannot be blamed for publishing verses by a regular contributor without examining them to see if they contain an acrostic. The best of the joke to me is that, after the discovery of the indecency had sold out this issue of the *Bulletin*, it was denounced for publishing pornography and was visited by the Vice Squad!

The reason why Learned Hand was never a member of the Supreme Court is, I have always understood, that he disapproved of the doctrine of judicial view. He believed in the British system of parliamentary sovereignty and was against any court being in a position to override a law which Congress had passed and the President had signed. To have refused many invitations to join the Supreme Court because of such a conscientious opinion, and to have avoided self-advertisement in doing so, is what I should have expected of Judge Hand. As a young man in America, I was lucky enough to see quite a lot of him and I regret that I have seen him so seldom in recent years. To me he was the very embodiment of integrity, and he combined his love of justice with a sensitivity and compassion which are hard to maintain in judge's robes. Many years ago I recall having lunch with him in New York during a court session. I proposed to go back as a spectator to the court. He begged me with great earnestness not to do so. He had a task before him which he loathed. He had to sentence some gangsters to long terms of imprisonment and did not wish any personal friends to be in court during this ordeal.

* * *

Every August the news of bathing tragedies is much the same. Statistically, that is, about the same number of grown-ups and children get into difficulties, call for help and drag down about the same number of husbands, wives, lovers, friends and passers-by who go to their rescue. These poignant stories have a special horror for me. Not because I particularly fear drowning; being a timid and indifferent swimmer, I am less likely than most to need saving. No, my fear is being present when someone else shouts for help. I should know it would be silly to go to their aid. If I were one of these experts who know what to do in the water with a struggling, desperate swimmer, I'd adore it; indeed, I'd wait about on the shore in the hope of displaying my skill and courage. But knowing that I too should be exhausted by the time I reached the drowning person and, anyway, that my efforts would certainly be futile, I should realise that to go to the rescue would be a useless sacrifice of both lives. But I should probably go just out of cowardly fear of looking a coward.

This England

Prizes £1 for the first entry and 10/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.

An unidentified British Lieutenant Colonel, speaking in West Berlin today, said: 'Why get excited in Berlin? For generations the British have been traditionally inside some perimeter with a howling mob outside.' – *Evening Standard*. (Andrew Gurr.)

James Dean. – The Management of Warner Theatre, Leicester Square, acknowledges receipt of flowers from unknown admirers of the late James Dean but regret to inform all correspondents that portraits of Dean or *East of Eden* posters are not available for purchase. – Advt. in *Daily Telegraph*. (A. Heigho.)

It is because of unnecessary cruelty to worms that I would also suggest the prohibition of all games on grass. I once saw a beautiful worm unnecessarily killed by a rugby player's boot, and no doubt death by violence must be caused to millions of these useful creatures by the pursuit of balls. – Letter in *Western Mail* (Stephen Morris.)

Public Thoughts on a Secret Service

MALCOLM MUGGERIDGE

The Official Secrets Act, as is ever the way with such instruments, is by no means an unmixed blessing for the various clandestine intelligence organisations whose clandestinity it aims at protecting. If it prevents embarrassing disclosures, it also sustains embarrassing misconceptions. Furthermore, it ensures that disclosures, when they are made, must take an ostensibly fictional form. When all has to seem to be invented, every invention is liable to seem equally authentic – whether Mata Hari or Sir Compton Mackenzie's hilarious *Water on the Brain;* whether Ian Fleming's James Bond, or Graham Greene's Man in Havana, or Somerset Maugham's Ashenden. Incidentally, Mackenzie, Greene and Maugham have all worked for MI6, the wartime version of the Secret Service. By means of a careful exegesis it is possible to identify the common originals of some of their fictional characters.

Despite the Official Secrets Act, practically everything there is to know about MI6's operations during the war years has, in one way or another, already been divulged. The close wartime liaison with its American equivalent, the Office of Strategic Services, whatever other advantage it may have brought, was to prove ruinous to its secrecy. Deception and double-agent techniques, for instance, have been written up in great detail in American novels, memoirs and magazine articles. Every OSS man has a best-seller in his knapsack, and the FBI course is strewn with film rights.

The identity of the head of the Secret Service is supposed to be a closely guarded secret. Even in the internal telephone directory he appears as 'C'. No alteration was made in these elaborate security arrangements when the name of the then incumbent – Sir Stewart Menzies – was given out by Lord Haw-Haw on the German radio at the time of the phoney war. The disclosure followed the capture of two Secret Service men, Best and Stevens, on the Dutch-German frontier. One of them believed he was in communication with dissident Germans with whom he might arrange for the war to be brought to an end. Inevitably, his contacts turned out to be the Gestapo.

A characteristic of all under-cover intelligence agents is their almost inconceivable credulity. I suppose the unreal atmosphere in which they have, by the nature of their profession, to live and operate tends to loosen their own hold on reality. The great danger of trafficking in lies, which intelligence work necessarily involves, is that it develops a propensity for believing them.

The identity of 'C' was also disclosed, along with other unpublished information about MI6, in an article in the *New York Herald Tribune* by Stewart Alsop. I asked Alsop subsequently whether his disclosures had any repercussions. He said there had been some rumblings in Anglo-American intelligence circles, but that Menzies himself had been appeased by the epithet 'legendary', which Alsop had, with sagacious forethought, applied to him. 'Legendary' was precisely what, in my experience, all Intelligence Brass wanted to be. They were all, in their own estimation, central characters in a Kiplingesque thriller, in which their agents, when they were caught, tortured and finally executed, always died with the heroic words 'Tell the colonel I have kept the faith' on their quivering lips.

This intelligence folklore used to have a strongly Indian flavour. Both MI5 (the home counter-intelligence organisation) and, to a lesser extent MI6, were, before the war, largely recruited from retired Indian police and political intelligence officers. They alone had the requisite experience. Nowadays, these cadres are no longer available, and anyway both organisations have grown vastly in size. Their more bizarre and endearing characteristics have, in consequence, disappeared, leaving them uncommonly like the Board of Trade.

Whether the identity of the present head of the Secret Service is as widely known as was that of some of his predecessors, is a subject for speculation. It will, in any case, certainly be known to any foreign intelligence service which has bothered to find out. These zealously guarded secrets nearly always become common knowledge. A man in the war assured me that taxi-drivers often identified his club as being 'opposite MI5'. Soon after the liberation of Paris, I myself overheard one person in a cafe ask another: *'Qu'est-ce que c'est, cette Baker Street?'* The reference was to an intelligence hide-out whose location was supposed to be a closely guarded secret.

Clandestine intelligence organisations are, generally speaking, as easy to penetrate as a co-operative store. They consist largely of personnel who either are, or become, neurotics, and, therefore are easily turned round or turn themselves round. Admiral Canaris, the head of the *Abwehr,* was, it appears, more or less working for us all through the war – a circumstance which was rather disconcerting for MI6 officers like myself, who fondly supposed the *Abwehr* was fighting every inch of the way. It was like winning what seemed a particularly stiff football match only to find that the opposite goalkeeper had been all the time deliberately letting the ball through his goal.

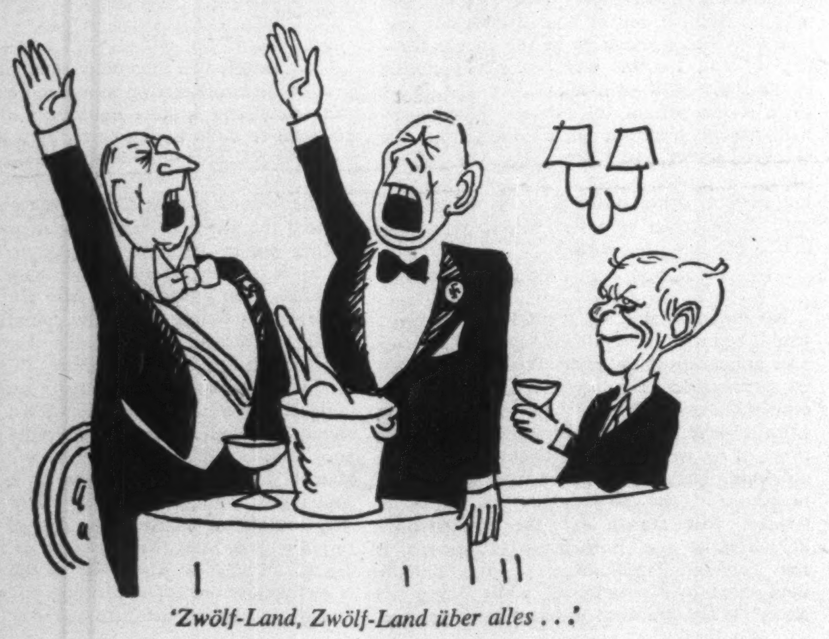
No one seems to have suspected Canaris's untrustworthiness until late in the war. An enemy or turned-round agent inside the Secret Service is, for obvious reasons, the most difficult of all to detect – witness Blake. Just for this reason, it is a favourite perch. It would be surprising if Blake were a solitary case.

Even in the case of Russian intelligence, there have been more defections among senior officers than in any other branch of the Services. It is a safe assumption that all intelligence services know more about other intelligence services than they do about anything else. For security reasons, countries had to be referred to in Secret Service messages by allotted numerals. Germany, for instance, was Twelve-land. In Istanbul, in the war, I have heard, when the German national anthem was played at a night club, a party from the German Embassy jumped to their feet and sang *'Zwölf-land, Zwölf-land, über alles'*.

Secrets which are known to have leaked, far from being written off, are guarded with particular ferocity. The most wonderfully complicated locks are put on the stable door after the horse has gone. When Mr Macmillan clamped down on publication of Blake's disclosures to the Russians, thus preventing them from finding out what they had already found out from Blake, he was only following a hallowed intelligence precept. Information which has reached an actual or potential enemy is, like mercy, twice blessed. It blesses him that gives and him that takes, and is, therefore, doubly precious.

Double agents, in any case, have a natural propensity to carry the game a stage further. They are feeding the enemy with a carefully concocted mixture of fact and deception, which is intended to deceive more than it informs. Why not, then, vary the mixture in such a way that it will inform more than it deceives? It is difficult to convey to anyone who has not been concerned in these weird transactions how great is the temptation to project and elaborate them endlessly, until their original purpose becomes quite lost to view.

In the same sort of way, an amorist begins with the idea of seducing women, and to this end engages in various stratagems and deceptions. These, in time, come to seem an end in themselves, quite irrespective of their purpose. He finds himself so busily engaged in clandestine correspondence, keeping mysterious assignations, inventing cover stories



'Zwölf-Land, Zwölf-Land über alles . . .'

and alibis, that he has neither time, energy nor inclination to avail himself of the opportunities these activities are ostensibly intended to procure.

I remember once passing through Lisbon in the war, having been engaged, on behalf of MI6, in transactions with some Germans elsewhere, and being almost irresistibly impelled to go and make myself known at the German embassy. It was not out of a desire to be a traitor or to take heroic risks. I just wanted to introduce another complication into a story I was fabricating as I went along. I should be surprised if some such consideration did not play its part, consciously or unconsciously, in Blake's transformation from a double-agent working for us into one working for the Russians. Intelligence agents, like novelists, are under a constant inner inducement to over-elaborate their plots. One who worked for me always used to preface his verbal reports with: *'J'ai joué la comédie'*. It is the theme-song of all intelligence work.

In a war, intelligence inevitably gathers to itself all the oddities, misfits and delinquents; all the dons, unfrocked clergymen and schoolmasters, who cannot be accommodated elsewhere. The basic qualification is linguistic, which, in England especially, is liable to produce almost anyone, from a Baghdad carpet-seller to a professor of Sanskrit. In MI6, these bizarre war-time reinforcements were mixed up with pre-war Secret Service pros, now, alas, a vanishing race – men with monocles and sometimes spats, who used several aliases, and had exotic contacts all over the place. For them, the golden age of *l'Intelligence Service* was over. Just from talking to them, however, one could realise how delightful it must have been – arranging to collect the contents of ministerial waste-paper baskets, or cultivating ministerial mistresses, at the expense of HMG, of course.

There was also a stiffening of fairly senior officers from all three services. I never did understand on what basis they had been seconded to MI6, and can only imagine that when, for instance, a Guards officer displayed an interest in, say, interior decoration, or a naval captain was seen reading *Great Expectations*, a convenient way out of the consequent dilemma was to wish him on to the Secret Service.

Secretarial assistance was provided by upper-class girls, the theory being that a genteel upbringing was more conducive to security than a lowly one. These girls, like our files For the Hand of Officer Only, alleviated the ardours of war for all who were fortunate enough to come in contact with them. If the case of a bevy who arrived in Cairo is to be taken as typical, their security was indeed impregnable. These, as they could find no one to whom they felt entitled to divulge their duties, had to be sent home again.

My first impression of this strange and diverse collection of human beings was that they must constitute a sort of false front or façade. When I had been fully vetted and tried out, I thought, I should be taken off to some other place and there make contact with the real Secret Service. It took me quite a time to realise that this was not so at all, and that what I had assumed to be a false front was, in fact, the genuine article.

A characteristic of under-cover intelligence, brought to my attention from the very beginning, is its love of mystification for mystification's own sake. Thus, having been a serving army officer, I had no civilian identity card or ration book. To procure these, I was instructed to explain that I had been away in America when the war broke out, and had only lately arrived in Liverpool. I produced this story with some trepidation, conscious that it could be shot down very easily. There was, for instance no stamp in my passport indicating my alleged Liverpool disembarkation. No questions, however, were asked, and the official concerned handed me over an identity card and ration book without demur, having obviously been instructed so to do. Why, then, I could not but wonder, was there any necessity for me to collect documents in person?

To have sent them over by messenger would have offended against one of intelligence's basic canons, which is that nothing should ever be done overtly when covert means are available. It is interesting, and reassuring, to note, in the reports of the Guzenko case in Canada and the Petrov case in Australia, that this canon operates as strongly in Soviet intelligence as in any other. Both cases contain many examples of other unnecessary mystification. Indeed, intelligence techniques would seem to be as standardised as air travel arrangements. Everyone's Man in Havana seems to be pretty much like everyone else's.

. . . from Baghdad carpet seller to a professor of Sanskrit . . .

Training in wartime conditions was desultory. Nowadays, it is doubtless taken to degree standard – B.Esp. I did, however, receive a fascinating course of instruction in the use of invisible ink from a large, rather sombre man, who explained to me the relative merits of various solutions, as well as how to use a ball-pointed pen without marking the paper. In the last resort, he told me, bird droppings (known in the trade as BS) would suffice. It had the advantage of being almost universally obtainable, though he personally had found town birds to be tantalisingly incalculable in providing supplies. For instance, one might put crumbs out on one's window-sill, and the birds would eat them without any BS being left behind. A more reliable method was to take a stroll through a park, and then, on seeing a good deposit of BS, drop one's handkerchief as though by accident, and, in recovering it, scoop up the BS. When I left for foreign parts I was given a good supply of headache tablets which allegedly made first-rate invisible ink. As it happened, I never had any occasion to use them for this purpose, but they came in handy as a hang-over specific.

In the station to which I was sent there was only one decent hotel, in which I lived, as did also my German and Italian opposite numbers. Though we never exchanged a word, there was a bond between us, if only because we were all bribing the same local police officers. The German, Leopold Wertz, gave every impression of being an ardent agent. I used to look over his private correspondence, which was brought to me by a friendly steward from the liner on which it was dispatched. It yielded nothing in the way of espionage material, but was humanly interesting. Somehow, having just read one of Wertz's highly sentimental letters to his mother added a piquancy to the sight of him, obviously trying to be a credit to his service, across our hotel dining-room. He is now, I have heard, back in the West German Diplomatic Service, and prospering.

What has happened to the Italian, Campini, I have no idea. He was a large, luxuriant sort of a man, who made a big hit with the local ladies. I was rather hurt to learn how after Italy's collapse, Campini, under interrogation, disclosed the fact that when he was driving his car by the sea and saw me walking along, he had a strong impulse to run me over. There should, I felt, be more solidarity among espionage practitioners than this.

Mystification for mystification's own sake is repugnant to adults, and is only acceptable to infantile and romantic minds. Hence the basic weakness of all intelligence services lies in their personnel, who tend to be immature. A *fantasiste* like Guy Burgess, for instance, is bound to drift into intelligence work and to thrive at it. But for his fortunate withdrawal to Moscow, he might quite easily have become very high up in MI6, if not its actual head. His temperament was exactly right—flamboyant, untruthful, gregarious and energetic. Intelligence services are unfortunate in that the more suitable a person seems to be for recruitment to them, the more disastrous he is likely to prove. Blake was perfect. He had every requisite qualification, and, by virtue of this, was the more apt to prove unreliable. Petrov, by Soviet standards, was an almost identical case.

By the same token, Maclean, if he had remained among us, would almost certainly have risen to be Permanent Under-Secretary at the Foreign Office. A ruling class on the run is capable of every folly, not the least of which is a propensity to advance unsuitable people in order to demonstrate its lack of stuffiness. From having, in its heyday, excluded eccentrics and perverts, in its decrepitude it goes to the other extreme and actually prefers them to more normal citizens.

The cost of the Secret Service has mounted even more astronomically than that of most other government departments. It has the advantage of not having to account to parliament for its expenditure, or to provide any public justification for its activities. Thus, there is no means, except by guess work, of forming an opinion as to whether what is achieved is worth the money spent. I should myself doubt very much whether it was.

Apart from high-grade defectors, radio interception and aerial reconnaissance, espionage is next to impossible in closed Communist societies. Information collected by means of private agents, is, for the most part, useless, and often, whether accidentally or deliberately, deceptive. There are plenty of recent parallels in our own intelligence reports to the CIA's fiasco over Cuba. The intelligence agent, in the old-fashioned sense, has become as obsolete as the old-fashioned commercial traveller. He can only dredge up the same bogus statistics and misleading information as journalists and diplomatic attachés. He, too, has to draw his water from the poisoned wells which alone are available.

As for counter-intelligence – it must now be apparent to everyone that this is more or less inoperative. It is quite impracticable, as a whole series of recent cases have shown, to achieve even approximate security in an open society like ours. People can come and go freely; Commonwealth passports are easily attainable, and the transfer and provision of funds present no difficulty. Illicit transmitting facilities, protected by diplomatic immunity, are available in most embassies, and there is a diplomatic bag to take more bulky material. Life is in every way made easy for the spy, who has no need to worry unduly about MI5.

Indeed, the extraordinary thing is, not that spies can operate with relative impunity, but that any are ever caught. Just keeping someone under surveillance is extremely difficult, and costly in time and trouble. It needs about ten trained men on the job to keep one man under continuous observation. After all, Maclean was already being watched by MI5 when he made off so easily and expeditiously with Burgess. Screening, too, is just a word. Fuchs was screened; so was Blake, several times. In most cases it means no more than a very cursory investigation into friends and associates, political affiliations, and any other easily ascertainable biographical items. To screen a man thoroughly is a whole-time job for a team of investigators for at least six months. They have to find out everything about him and his past, examine mail, monitor his telephone, and peep through the keyhole at him in his most private moments.

Apart from the fact that such practices are distasteful, the manpower required would be prohibitive. Two-thirds of the population would be engaged in screening the other third. A Communist society is geared to such purposes. No one can move from one place to another without special permission, and everyone is classified, identified, and watched, at work and at home. Even then, people slip through the mesh, and the political police, though reduced in number and authority since the days of Yagoda and Beria, remain unwieldy by comparison with other state organs.

In our sort of society anything of the kind would be quite impossible. The choice, for us, is between security and freedom. And if ever we ceased to prefer the latter, we should have nothing of any worth left to secure anyway.

"... a first work of intense imagination centred on Florence at the time of its liberation ... a sophisticated abstract of the paradox of our times – **the sympathy between the extremes of Communism and Fascism, the curious love between the killer and the victim."** MAURICE EDELMAN, *Sunday Times.* 18/-

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HEINEMANN

Behind the Counter

PEGGY ROGERS

Mr Rees was the buyer. He interviewed me behind the knitting wool counter on the ground floor of the department store. He managed the book shop that stood, festooned in calendars and striped blinds, all by itself like a bad railway poster, in a sea of hosiery, cosmetics, corsets and haberdashery.

Mr Rees said: 'We work here. I pay you to work, not talk. Prefer books to stationery? OK, books it is then. We'll soon have the hullaballoo of *Chatterley* on our hands. Read it? Muck. But it sells. I'm only interested in turnover. If you're a good saleswoman you stay. Lazy, and you go. Light-fingered, and you put on your mink and go home. One other point. The shop closes at five-thirty. But you don't just put on your mink and go home. You'll soon find out. And you don't arrive at nine when the shop opens either. Just look and listen and follow. I'm not interested in your education or your looks. Honesty, punctuality and diligence. That's what I'm after. The takings on the books have fallen lately. You watch them and I'll watch you.'

For a month I chatted people into memoirs, Durrells and dictionaries. I liked selling dictionaries. They were necessary and expensive and exotic Eastern students bought them. Then I sank into a bog of handing out paperbacks at 3s 6d each, and crayonning books for babies. They swelled the till and kept me busy so that when Mr Rees' eyes – those squashed raisin eyes that seldom met yours unless you were leaning against a show-case easing an aching back – met mine, they caught me in a permanent attitude of handing over a wrapped parcel.

The day began with the duster. You'd be amazed at the amount of cigarette stubs and toffee papers that accumulate behind books. I pulled out, banged, dusted and pushed back, removed soiled covers, pulled ~~out, banged~~, dusted and pushed back. When three shelves were clean Mr Rees appeared beside me.

'Gardening and Cookery week *as* from today,' he said. 'Shift those damned Art books behind the pillar. What'll we do with the dictionaries? You think that out. You like dictionaries.'

'Yes, Mr Rees.'

'Marriage and Mothercraft week as well. Big Beetons on display. And the Sprys. Polish their covers. Then down to stores for the new novels. Ring Mrs Warner and larn her. I mean, ring Mrs Larner and warn her. What's everyone reading these days? What's best selling?'

'*Ring of Bright Water. Born Free.*'

'These animals. Order six dozen. Make it three. D'you read the reviews?'

'The books, Mr Rees.'

'Oh and the Penguins have got to be resorted alphabetically. Pelicans on the lowest shelf you can find. They move slowly. Week after next's *Chatterley* week. No parties. No late nights. Tell everyone. You're to be here at eight on the Thursday. No orders for it either. No orders for any paperbacks. Understand? You're on the phone taking an order for one paperback and you could be selling half a dozen encyclopædias. See? He served two customers as I knelt at his feet with a duster. Then he said: 'You're skirt's too long for your overall. And I *don't* like peppermint breathed in the face of my customers. When Dick goes off the paper stall you take over. D'you read the women's mags? No, No. None of my questions ever needs an answer. I don't like the drapes in that corner or the old stock stacked like that. Or my assistants to kneel on the floor where customers can see. Get up.'

I got up.

'Where's the redhead today? That *does* need an answer.'

'Don't know, Mr Rees.'

He raised his eyebrows and placed a smile on his raw pink lips and edged in a deliciously silky sweep towards his office behind the knitting counter.

'Tell her to come and see me if she comes in today,' he said. 'If she turns up in the morning tell her to get her cards, put on her mink and go be a customer.'

As he moved away he whispered: *The Hothouse Quarterly. There,* you fool. The blonde bitch with the pearls. One guinea. Sell it.'

I did. And I sold rice dishes to flat-haired wives who wanted a change and French sauces to schoolgirls. I sold glasshouse tips to do-it-yourself fiends and *Tree Spotting* to campers. When Malayans came for their dictionaries I crouched down inside the counter and brought them out guiltily. Thin depressed Pakistanis bought *How to Win Friends and Influence People* and scorched Canadians bought everything they could lay their hands on about the Royal family. Then I took my peppermints and went down to the coffee bar in the basement.

Sweet bliss of hard chairs and crumby greasy tables. Sweet bliss of slug-coloured coffee and curled sandwiches. Sweet bliss of being slumped with a frown over my NEW STATESMAN and smoking. A square grey women with a red plastic shopping bag rose from my table with an air of tremendous dignity.

'Well I never,' she said loudly. 'That's the girl who served me with the *Beano Annual*' (and the *Woman's Own,* madam, and *Peyton Place*). 'What *is* the world coming to if customers have to sit at the same tables as the staff.' And she went off to join a square grey woman with a green plastic shopping bag at another table who was wiping doughnut crystals from her chin.

Penguins and drapes and empty boxes and old stock crowded us out behind the counter. I served, answered queries, stooped, lifted, shifted, ran, re-arranged a hundred and fifty Penguins, polished, blew, banged, and dusted, answered the telephone, kept the terrified reps calm, discoursed, argued, agreed, and accepted a tip for wrapping a book on Scotland with fancy string and a beautiful knot.

How I hated books in the daytime, I, who love them. Mr Rees did too. He hated the people who bought them and the people who sold them. He saw books as I did now, cumbersome objects that drew dust unto themselves and magnetised the fingers of students and children. Perishable goods that went out of fashion. Tyrants that rode us cruelly on the crest of their victories. The sight of Michaela Denis riding her rhino sickened me, and Andy Capp's bottom lip and the bony breathless faces on the covers of *Vogue*. Pat Smythe's face and Brian Horrocks'. The pussies and puppies and ponies that peeped out at us from every corner. Customers came and went but the books remained horribly static. They stuck in one's eyelids like grit.

I became an authority on books. 'Ask Miss over there,' Mr Rees said. 'She knows.' I knew every title we had and all those we lacked, and these were many. I made all the promises, purred excuses, sent people in droves to Foyles. And then when I thought I was sliding along a beautiful groove Mr Rees would appear close beside me with one of his startling announcements.

'Bibles giving way to Annuals. *As* from Friday. Display of *Teach Yourself* and *Sport*. That means overtime Saturday afternoon. Don't bother with account customers this week. It's cash, cash, cash all the way. Where's the fuzzy-haired girl? If she comes in later tell her to come to my office. If she turns up tomorrow tell her – '

'To put on her mink, Mr Rees – '

'Etcetera, etcetera. And go be a customer. My, you're smart.'

At five o'clock we were allowed to spend our wages in the shop. I took the escalator up to the first floor and as the soothing upward sweep bore me on, my handbag was snatched. Turning, I saw a store detective grinning, clutching my bag.

'See how easily it's done,' he said. 'Watch, watch, young lady. Keep your eyes skinned. Watch your till. Your colleagues. Your under-buyer. The customers. Above all watch the porters. You know Bill?'

I nodded.

'He steals. He's been at it for months. You know what he's been taking all this time?'

'What's he been taking?'

'Call me Sir.'

'What's he been taking, Sir?'

'Cocktail sticks from your sundries counter. Black-edged condolence cards. Inkwells. They're all under suspicion. And you,' he said. 'Everyone. Everyone's watched.'

One fine day my Appointments Vacant column produced an office job at twice the pay. A week before I was appointed I gave Mr Rees notice. Not in his office but while I was wrapping up the three volumes of my good friend Percy Scholes' *Oxford Companion to Music* guiltily.

'My,' said Mr Rees, 'you're smart. If I'd known I'd never have taken you on. Never been off sick once, have you? Or late. Never been insolent either. Taken all my raps with a smile. You know what's wrong with you? You're too damned good to be true.'

So I said goodbye to Michaela on her Rhino and *The Hothouse Quarterly*. And the last day came. The detective was emptying the till when he caught sight of me.

'We were wrong,' he said, 'it wasn't Bill at all. It was that coloured chap, Lucas. The condolence cards. He wanted to send one to the wife of a pal of his that was knifed to death in Goldbourne Road. Christ, you've got to watch them.'

Correspondence

BERLIN CRISIS

Sɪʀ, – Kurt Shell's letter makes me sick at heart. The arguments he uses for the unification of Germany are precisely those which were used to justify Hitler's actions in Austria, the Sudetenland, Memel and Danzig.

In 1864, 1866, 1870, 1914 and 1939 – five times in a hundred years – a Germany either united or struggling to unite has shattered the peace of Europe. Surely even a humanitarian Socialist may be permitted to conclude that a united Germany is a singularly dangerous political institution.

I spent the last two years of the war – in the company of a few million other POWs and civilian slave workers – in captivity in Germany. I have a shrewd suspicion that if I had had to wait for today's freedom-loving Germans to release me I'd have been there still!

E. Hᴀʟʟ

88 Dudley Road
Clacton-on-Sea
Essex

CASTRO'S CUBA

Sɪʀ, – It is clear that Mr Draper, Mr Goldenberg and the Congress for Cultural Freedom-sponsored magazines for which they write, have adopted a straight cold war position over Cuba and it is this that differentiates them, not only from Socialists (Mills, Sartre, Kingsley Martin etc), but also from European liberals (eg the *Observer, Sunday Times* and *Le Monde* correspondents). This difference in approach is really conditioned by a different approach to Communism and neutralism. It is certainly true that the Soviet Union is the guarantor of Cuba's existence, and that the Cuban Communist Party (PSP) is an important member of the revolutionary coalition. In short 'To be anti-Communist is to be counter-revolutionary' (incidentally those who use this quotation rarely finish it: Fidel continued: 'to be anti-Catholic is to be counter-revolutionary, anything which divides the Cuban people is counter-revolutionary'). Mr Draper and Mr Goldenberg have been content merely to develop this theme by heaping misquotation on crudity.

I take an example of the latter from Draper's second *Encounter* article: 'In the Communist-style state which he (Fidel) has established in Cuba in less time than it took the Bolsheviks in Russia – 80 per cent of Cuban workers are now employees of the state – a new ideology, a new army and a new party were urgently needed.' (Surely the force of that parenthesis is that public ownership is the determining quality of a 'Communist-style' state even when the 'new party' etc is yet to be created.)

Claude Julien (the *Le Monde* correspondent) has provided a more interesting explanation of Cuba's international position than Draper anywhere suggests. Cuba's revolution, he points out, was carried out against one of the giant powers itself and in this was unlike the recent achievements of independence by Asian and African countries.

Ghana and Guinea, to take two examples, still have lines of communication open with both the Soviet Union and the US – any real revolution in Cuba would have been denied this possibility. To me the fact that Cuba's experiment in social revolution had to seek, and received, the protection of the Soviet Union is merely a demonstration of the superiority of that country's foreign policy.

The letters from Draper and Goldenberg published in your columns employ an oddly shrill and sophistic demagogy:

(1) Mr Hobsbawm, it seems, was guilty of 'appalling distortion' when he said that Draper 'suggested that Castro's support might well have fallen to below 50 per cent, that it was doubtful whether he would win an election if one were held.' Draper's actual words were: 'Most

No. I

CONTRAST

the new television quarterly, is just out. CONTRAST is edited by Peter Black, noted for his individual approach to television criticism.

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observers estimated Castro's popular support at 90 per cent or more in January 1959 and at 75 per cent or more a year later, but it may well be, as some claim, that the figure has been cut to 50 per cent or less at the present time. It is no longer certain he would win any election overwhelmingly or at all.'

(2) Mr Anderson was guilty of 'egregious falsification' in incorrectly attributing the phrase 'liberals and democratic Socialists' to Draper, although Draper has earlier written that the phrase does, in fact, describe those whose opinions he thinks he represents in discussing this question.

(3) I was going to 'absurd lengths' in correcting his misquotation from Guevara. In fact his use of an ironic phrase out of its context was a deliberate smear (cf my first letter where I give this context). In his article he used this phrase ('now our friend') as his only proof that there was Cuban complicity in a 'deal' between Castro and Trujillo, of a Cuban 'equivalent' of the Stalin-Hitler pact. Now he says that he was merely interpreting this phrase to show that there was a 'community of interest' between Castro and Trujillo.

Again, Mr Draper imports another smear when he quotes Raul Castro's realist appraisal of US embarrassment at Trujillo, one of their oldest allies, and of Trujillo's own personal bravery: 'And it is surely significant that Raul should have characterised Trujillo no longer as a fascist beast but as a "daring and audacious type, personally even brave".' On no occasion has Raul Castro called Trujillo a 'fascist beast', or any one else for that matter. The Cuban leaders are simply not given to a Stalinist vocabulary – this is not the only time Mr Draper allows the terminology and categories of his past affiliations to invade his present thinking.

(4) Mr Goldenberg seems to deny none of the substantive charges made against him nor to defend his sources. His letter is remarkable only for a term even more abject than the *Encounter* editors' description of the invasion of Cuba as the 'current military altercation'. The record of US actions in Cuba, including the full economic and diplomatic support of a dictator whom even Draper compares with Hitler, and the equipping of his armed forces and police, is described in Mr Goldenberg's letter by the word 'misdemeanors'. Indeed the obverse of the cold war rhetoric about Cuba is an uncomfortable area of silence about the role of the US in recent Latin American history. When have Draper or Goldenberg ever written, or *Encounter* published, a critique of, say, the Perez Jimenez US-sponsored regime in Venezuela? Indeed, why was it not noticed that the invasion of Cuba itself was launched from the territories of two of Latin America's worst dictatorships, Nicaragua and Guatemala?

ROBIN BLACKBURN

36 Queens Gate Terrace
SW7

SIR, – I do not wish to enter into semantic discussions with Mr Theodore Draper – whose letter in your issue of 11 August I have only just seen – since it clearly shows that I did not misrepresent him. Mr Draper merely confirms that the prevalent American hysteria distorts the judgment of even very intelligent anti-Castroist observers in the US. For who, in Europe, would have thought it worth taking account, or even passing on, an estimate so plainly fantastic as that quoted by Mr Draper, which put Castro's support last December at 20 per cent of the population? There are reports which any unbiased and moderately knowledgeable observer throws straight into the waste-paper basket. This estimate – like the prediction of imminent barricade fighting in Zurich – was one of them, however 'authoritative' its source.

There was, by the way, *some* factual information other than the CIA's about the movements of Cuban public opinion from early 1959 to mid-1960. I quoted some of it in this journal in the last months of 1960. It did nothing to authorise either Mr Draper's views or those which he passed on, and from which he now, understandably, seeks to dissociate himself.

E. J. HOBSBAWM

Encounter ★

The September issue, just out, includes

Harold Pinter
THE EXAMINATION

Roy Jenkins
FROM LONDON TO ROME
Thoughts on the Common Market

Karl Jaspers
OUR GERMAN TROUBLE

Raymond Williams
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★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

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ENCOUNTER 25 HAYMARKET LONDON SW1

JOHN BULL'S OTHER PORTUGAL

SIR, – Your editorial was so one-sided that I must challenge some of it though it would be impossible within reasonable compass to correct all the half-truths, inaccuracies and plain untruths which it contained. I will confine myself to just three.

Like all critics of Northern Ireland and its works, you concentrate your venom on the Special Powers Act but make no effort at all to show why such an Act is necessary. Let me enlighten your readers. An armed gang of illegal terrorists from bases in the Republic of Ireland 'declared war' in 1956 on the people and government of Northern Ireland and since then have attacked police stations, security forces, held up families in their homes at the point of the gun and destroyed much public property. The campaign, intermittently, has been going on ever since. Five policemen have been murdered, 24 injured, and very considerable damage had been caused to services like electricity, broadcasting, postal, and water supplies (they even tried to poison a town's reservoir).

These terrorists have placed themselves outside the law by their activities, and the only way a government determined to maintain law and order can cope with them is by putting them and their sympathisers when apprehended out of harm's way so long as the emergency lasts. The Special Powers Act, used exclusively against these irregulars and their supporters, would be repealed tomorrow by our government if these invaders would lay aside the bomb and the bullet and agree to abide by ordinary democratic processes. At the moment no one is interned under the Special Powers Act.

Then you sneer at Ulster's 12 Unionist members at Westminster and you remark, rather viciously I thought, that 'even some of them, as in the last parliament, have to be sent to London by a ruling of an Ulster court'. Your use of the plural deliberately misled your readers. You did not inform them that only one member sat in the last couple of years of the 1955-59 parliament as a result of an election petition.

Secondly, you did not bother to put the correct interpretation on those events. Lt-Colonel Grosvenor in 1955 fought the Fermanagh and South Tyrone constituency as a Unionist and lost in a straight fight with a Sinn Fein candidate by 261 votes. Later, by an election petition, the Sinn Fein candidate was unseated as he was serving a term of imprisonment. You should then have added that in 1959 Lt-Colonel Grosvenor again stood for the same constituency against a Sinn Fein nominee and in a straight fight he had a majority of 24,732!

Your sneers extended too to Northern Ireland for sending 12 Unionist members to Westminster to support the Conservative Party in its general policies. Perhaps it has never occurred to you that that is the will of the people! That is their choice exercising their unalienable right as a democratic community through the ballot box. What is more their choice was convincingly clear. Here are the composite figures:

For Unionists	445,013
For Sinn Fein	63,425

Your editorial introduces an ominous departure from accepted British democratic practices. Ulster returns 12 Unionist members to Westminster: therefore, the next Socialist government (if there is one) must punish her severely. Sweep her into the Republic of Ireland whether the vast majority of her people are against such a move or not. That will teach her to vote Unionist (or Conservative) in such overwhelmingly fashion! In other words, threaten her and she might turn Socialist!

Apply this principle throughout the rest of the United Kingdom and what do we find? Surrey is in for some fiendish treatment at the hands of the next Socialist government (should such an eventually arise). And Sussex. These counties, to mention but two, also return only Conservatives. Possibly they will be ceded to Soviet Russia or the East German Republic for their sins or their populations transported there.

You also refer scathingly to our economic difficulties. Within the powers which it possesses our government is fighting these difficulties and has enjoyed marked success in those fields where it has operated. After the war it was laid down as a general policy that our industrial base should be widened. In other words, instead of relying on two or three large industries as in the past to provide work for our people, we are aiming at diversification. As a result of the government's efforts something like 150 new industries, including half a dozen from the United States, have established themselves here, providing 40,000 new jobs for our people. In the pipeline at the moment are something like 10,000 more jobs. We have faith in our future as a part of the United Kingdom and we are satisfied that, given time for our long-term industrial plans to fructify, we, too, in this part of the United Kingdom will enjoy the fruits of full employment.

W. DOUGLAS
Secretary

Unionist Headquarters
3 Glengall Street
Belfast

Readers are the best judges as to the validity of Mr Douglas's arguments. Facts are a different matter: Mr Douglas neatly claims that only one Unionist member sat 'in the last couple of years of the 1955-59 parliament as a result of an election petition'. By this choice of dates he is able to overlook the remarkable case of Mr Beattie, who first obtained a ruling from the House of Commons declaring the Mid-Ulster seat vacant, then proceeded to fight it again at a by-election and lose by a greater margin, and finally took refuge in applying to an Ulster election court to release him from his difficulties. This court duly declared him to be the member – only to have the House of Commons discover, after a short period, in which Mr Beattie sat and voted in the British parliament, that he himself was disqualified by reason of holding an office of profit under the Crown.

DEATH OF A MUSIC?

SIR, – I was flattered and pleased by the double-barrelled attention accorded my *Death of a Music?* by Messrs Newton and Drew in your issue of 11 August. In commenting on Mr Newton's thoughtful and perceptive notice I would like to refer only to his statement that I fail to distinguish clearly between the problem of social communication and the fact of box-office. I probably do. But it is not for want of trying. It's a tough job, and not made easier by the kind of irrelevant criticism introduced by Mr Newton when he says: 'Thus Pleasants's case for jazz against modern "serious" music cannot rest on the box-office superiority of jazz, for it has none. (At present the top classical concerto is about one-third higher in the US sales charts than the top "pure" jazz LP.)' This is a memorable non-sequitur. We are not talking about the top classical concerto. We're talking about modern 'serious' music. Compare Brubeck with Boulez on the sales charts!

As to Mr Drew's 'Refusal to Mourn,' that's his privilege, if no great distinction. He says: 'It is time the child who thought he knew all about the Emperor's new clothes was given a sharp reprimand and expelled from our mythology, for he was a little prig and knew less than anyone. The Emperor may have had no clothes and the courtiers no scruples, but only the child had no imagination. One expects better from a child.' I must say that I expect better from the NEW STATESMAN, and find it in Mr Newton's suggestion that 'there are still too many who argue as though there was nothing wrong with the arts which a little more effort on the part of the broad masses could not cure. This will not do at all.'

It certainly will not do, but I can hardly expect more from a critic who can accomplish Mr Drew's concluding paragraph. 'In the Empire of music,' he writes, 'it is worse to wear a uniform than to go naked with imagination, worse still to pretend that a few badges give your uniform individuality, but worst of all to set fire indiscriminately to the Imperial robes and to everyday apparel, in order to prove that critical fire-engines are necessary and that we'd all be much safer if we lived by the Mississippi or the East River.' Good God! Is that what listening to Boulez does to you?

HENRY PLEASANTS

Huppenbergstrasse 35
Bad Godesberg-Pech
Germany

SPENDING A PENNY

SIR, – The battle of the turnstiles is reaching its final stage. It seems that Mr Henry Brooke has retreated before Mrs Barbara Castle and her female cohorts. The Ministry has announced that no more grants are to be authorised to local authorities who are intent on installing penny-in-the-slot turnstiles. Having just installed such turnstiles at Beaulieu, and having had nine enlightening years experience in providing toilets for the general public, I thought some facts and comments might be of interest.

Some three years ago, I spent about £2,000 on a new 'Ladies', which consisted of lavatories with penny-in-the-slot machine locks on each door, as well as washing facilities. At the same time a somewhat smaller sum was spent on the men's toilet. In two brief years and after approximately 500,000 female users, the 'Ladies' was no longer fit for use. It had been literally destroyed by the female public. Quite apart from the fact that almost every fitting had either been stolen or broken, it was found that a toilet left clean by staff at 9 a.m. was generally uninhabitable by noon. To assume, perhaps rightly, that it is our job to clean it more than once a day is easier said than done. Unlike the Continent, where it is a common sight to see those formidable pin-cushioned women, dressed in black, guarding both the *Dames* and the *Messieurs*, here no such profession seems to have an appeal. Nor can I for one altogether blame our local widows.

Last autumn, anticipating over 350,000 visitors in 1961, we decided to do things in really grand style. After all, I was getting bored with daily letters of complaints, and as any other Stately Home owner, I wanted the women, who so often dictate the choice of the venue of the outing, to go away without unpleasant memories of the facilities.

The new toilets recently opened cost £7,000. They were tiled throughout, thermostatically centrally-heated, equipped with mirrors, soap and hot-air hand driers, and so designed so that the whole floor could be hosed down and the water run away in special drains let into the floor. We did, however, decide on pay-in-the-slot turnstiles for two reasons. First of all, in the old 'Ladies' toilets the door-type locks were always being broken and the contents robbed, and secondly, it enabled me to let the turnstiles run free when they were being used for a private function in the winter months.

The first thing that happened was that in spite of large warning notices, we found ourselves having to free the turnstiles three or four times a day due to the insertion of bent or foreign coins, the latter amounting to about 4 per cent of all coins collected. Almost immediately soap began disappearing and some special thief-proof toilet paper holders were damaged – perhaps out of pique? The large mirror was defaced and every sort of nastiness was left on the floor, although ample waste baskets had been provided.

In the light of experience, I do not think that women should be charged a penny to use toilets. Until they can learn to behave I think 3d would be a more reasonable charge – after all, it is 25 cents for toilet and washing facilities in some parts of the United States. As it is, the income hardly covers the annual repair bill. And the men? They, on the whole, behave very well. Damage is almost negligible. Perhaps they are not expecting their penny's worth. In any case, they too are getting a smart new toilet block at Beaulieu with all mod. cons. I think they deserve it.

MONTAGU OF BEAULIEU

STAG-HUNTING

SIR, – It is hard when we are misrepresented by our friends and for this reason Critic's remark in the NEW STATESMAN last week is particularly disturbing. He says he is baffled that a society calling itself the RSPCA refuses to take up the case of stag-hunting.

Critic shows himself a friend by admitting that the Society does much good work (the columns of the NEW STATESMAN have from time to time been generously opened to reports of this work) and I feel that with his knowledge of our society he would have been aware that the RSPCA has for many years taken an active part in efforts aimed at obtaining the passage on to the Statute Book of a bill seeking to prohibit the hunting of wild deer with hounds. Such a bill was presented as long ago as 1930. The most recent presentation was during 1960.

Descriptions by Critic of stag-hunting incidents can help to inform the public on the problem. This is what is needed before parliament can be persuaded to make new legislation. The RSPCA will continue to support every effort at obtaining the passage of a bill that will outlaw for all time the hunting of wild deer with hounds.

T. HALL
Chief Secretary

RSPCA
105 Jermyn Street, SW1

CRITIC *writes*: I am aware that the RSPCA condemns stag-hunting though not fox-hunting. My complaint was that it seems not to make a fuss about these yearly scandals. Judging from reports of the arguments at its annual meetings, this lack of interest may be explained by the increasing influence of the hunting interest within its ranks.

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BOOKS IN GENERAL

Tales of Alexandria

D. J. ENRIGHT

Ours is a noisy, virile, goody-goody and flaccid world. Well to the east of the New Statesman, in new countries run by new statesmen, all sorts of brand old ideas are retreating to the fore. Such as banning juke-boxes, not for aesthetic reasons, but because they interfere with the proper serving of the State; and banning films with love in because love is a disturbing element; and banning other films which tend to corrupt in other ways, like *Superman*, not because they are ideologically tendentious, but because they give people inefficient notions. After seeing *Superman* a young boy, in one of these new countries, attempted to fly out of an upper window. He broke his leg. Maybe he will never be able to serve the State as serviceably as he would wish.

Ah, you may say, but things are different elsewhere: nearer the New Statesman the old Adam is really on the rampage. Well, there is certainly plenty of mechanised vice – the old Adam in his senility – and of course there is juvenile delinquency – an activity which takes such standardised forms that one suspects it to be merely one more manifestation of conformity. At any rate, all this is in the hands of the reformers.

> However, the handicap and the hardship
> are that these Reformers make
> a big story out of everything . . .
> For everything,
> for the least thing, they inquire and investigate,
> and immediately they think of radical reforms,
> with the request that they be executed without delay.
> They also have a bent for sacrifices . . .

How health-giving, in this degenerate context, is a 'decadent' poet! A decadent poet with a strong sense of irony, a firm compassion for the unheroic living who in every age feed the politicians if not the guns, and a keen worm's-eye view of History. In his poetry Cavafy is no saint; a bit of a cynic, at least where the big unimportant things are concerned; in short a civilised human being, taking the one adjective with the other. He is willing to settle, not triumphantly, for the second best, although he knows what the first best would be. How agreeably dissimilar from some of our modern intellectuals, who are ready to settle for the third best while pretending it is the first!

Cavafy is very honest. If one doesn't altogether like his homosexual love poems, it is not because he prettifies, but because he pities himself, in the same way as do many writers of unhappy heterosexual love poems – and his love is more likely than theirs to be unhappy, since it has so few lines of defence. He wrote his poems out of 'the foul rag-and-bone shop of the heart': he did not pass his heart off as a neat and specious mid-20th-century Supermarket. Not that his heart is *that* foul. He abhorred melodramatics; he was something of an aristocrat: a connoisseur: an imperfect gentleman.

It is not that Cavafy reminds us we are merely human. He reminds us that we *are* human. His persons may not be conscientious citizens, but neither are they beatniks or anarchists or 'other sounding matters of the sort.' They are imperfect – 'Imperfect? Does anything human escape that sentence?' – they are individuals needing in some degree to be, trying to be, not altogether managing to be, members of a society. They usually lack power – the corrupt tend to be powerful – and perhaps it is a losing battle which they fight, a series of small Thermopylaes –

> and they merit greater honour
> when they foresee (and many do foresee)
> that Ephialtes will finally appear,
> and in the end the Medes will go through

– but it is better (this old-fashioned decadent would say) to fight a good, losing battle than to brandish weapons noisily in a victorious, bad war.

The first English translation of Cavafy, by John Mavrogordato, came out ten years ago: a poetic event of unusual importance. Now a second translation has appeared, from America, costing twice as much, but still cheap at the price.[*] In addition to the complete edition published in Alexandria in 1935, as translated by Mavrogordato, Miss Dalven gives 33 'early poems'. W. H. Auden remarks that translations of Cavafy, no matter who the translator, are always recognisable as translations of Cavafy; but, with four exceptions, these early poems could have been written by anyone. It is a pity that the claims of posterity et cetera should have prevailed over Cavafy's wish that none of them be collected.

Mavrogordato's volume has the advantage there. In respect of a biographical note, Miss Dalven has the advantage. The notes to the poems are much the same. And between the two introductions – Rex Warner's to the first, W. H. Auden's to the second – there is little to choose. Both are interesting, and Mr Warner's is slightly more to the point. Mr Auden is rather prissy about Cavafy's erotic poems. 'Cavafy does not, perhaps, fully appreciate his exceptional good fortune in being someone who can transmute into valuable poetry experiences which, for those who lack this power, may be trivial or even harmful.'

> They rose from the mattress,
> and they dress hurriedly without speaking . . .
> But how the life of the artist has gained.
> Tomorrow, the next day, years later, the vigorous verses
> will be composed that had their beginning here.

'But what,' Mr Auden wonders, 'will be the future of the artist's companion?' Cavafy has touched on that several times: 'then he lost his position, and then his reputation,' or 'he drags himself through the cafés all day long,' or even

> quickly, by heavy labour,
> and by common debauchery, so wretched,
> he was destroyed.

As Mr Auden says, Cavafy does not glamorise, whether History or homosexual love. There is not the slightest tendency to corrupt in the man's work. His erotic poetry won't *make* any homosexuals, any more (I would have thought) than Yeats's erotic poetry will make heterosexuals. And it is too late to reform Cavafy the man.

Mr Auden raises a second interesting point, perhaps not strictly relevant, which concerns what he calls Cavafy's 'patriotic poems'. Cavafy's persons are often drawn from the world of the Hellenistic states under Rome, and their love of country is surely too aesthetic, too resigned, too wry, to be termed 'patriotism'. As Mr Auden remarks, their love and loyalty reside chiefly in the Greek language, which has survived political defeat or impotence: against that is set military conquest, political intrigues, big talk, and the rest of what is generally implied by 'patriotism'. From the tone of his remarks we may suspect that Mr Auden is envisaging the downfall of Anglo-American civilisation and the survival nonetheless of the English language. Agreed, Cavafy is 'topical': but topical not so much in treating of fallen nations and lost power as in his concern with fallen man, and with men who are unwilling to be absorbed into the State as the price of official regeneration and perhaps comfortable survival. If you like, it is their country which such men love. But we shall have to find another word than 'patriotic' for them.

We are left with the translations themselves. It must be admitted that the new versions bring us nothing especially new. In general, Miss Dalven's use of language is more correctly English, and more 'contemporary'. Yet I must confess, with a faint blush, to preferring the charm of Mavrogordato's mild eccentricities. 'The Senators making no laws what are they sitting there for?' – this fits better into the helter-skelter of long questions followed by short answers, in 'Waiting for the Barbarians', than Miss Dalven's bleak 'Why do the Senators sit and pass no laws?' Miss Dalven is more economical, often to advantage, though at times her economy approaches that of a bill of lading.

But Miss Dalven has gained in clarity at the cost of forfeiting something of that tenderness which accompanies Cavafy's irony. Where Mavrogordato has

> Poor though you find it, Ithaka has not cheated you.
> Wise as you have become, with all your experience,
> you will have understood the meaning of an Ithaka.

---

[*] *The Complete Poems of C. P. Cavafy*. Translated by Rae Dalven. *Hogarth Press*. 25*s*.

[†] *Pharos and Pharillon*. By E. M. Forster. *Hogarth Press*. 8*s*. 6*d*.

she ends this particularly fine poem, 'Ithaca', with the line: 'You must surely have understood by then what Ithacas mean,' which sounds as if she is really rather impatient with this dim traveller. She ends 'Caesarion' thus:

> still hoping that they would pity you,
> the wicked – who murmured 'Too many Caesars.'

But it is Mavrogordato's lines which I shall continue to remember:

> Still hoping that they would have mercy on you,
> The baser sort – chattering their 'Too many Caesars.'

It must be Miss Dalven's briskness, rather than a desire for greater Greekishness, which betrays her into 'pseudo-supports himself', where Mavrogordato simply has 'pretends to keep himself'. For her use of the common forms of Greek names ('Phoebus') is more sensible than Mavrogordato's dogged transliteration ('Phoibos'). It should be remarked that Mavrogordato often rhymes, whereas Miss Dalven writes conscientiously free verse; and the effects secured by rhyme – sometimes of emphasis, sometimes of softening of tone – outweigh the occasional inversion and obscurity which Mavrogordato incurs. Incidentally, Miss Dalven invariably uses the horrid word 'deviate' to render Cavafy's description of the nature of his eroticism, where Mavrogordato always uses 'lawless'. If 'lawless intoxication' is a bit romantic, then 'deviate erotic drunkenness' sounds like a rather grave police charge.

For my own part, I remain faithful to Mavrogordato's Cavafy, by and large. But this is not to regret Miss Dalven's Cavafy. He is a major poet, and a very pertinent writer in his dealings with history, not with the Supermen who soar into fame, but with the men who fall and break their legs. He deserves more than one translator. This new version will find him new readers.

As will, we hope, the reissue of E. M. Forster's collection of scattered anecdotes from Alexandrian history†: that characteristic mixture (much the same in Faroukian times, perhaps not so very different in the Nasserian age) of theology, politics, gossip, sensitive understandings and farcical misunderstandings, all lenified in Mr Forster's alembic.

The author shows himself here a sort of genteel Cavafy, a sweeter-natured observer of the scene, sweeter because not really involved, a Cavafy applying himself to a *Times* third leader. There is nothing here of what Rex Warner calls the 'vigorous assertion of emotion . . . together with and underneath the controlled attitude, the steady point of view.' A quiet amusement replaces the quiet irony or quiet desperation of the Alexandrian poet. One of the pleasantest and probably (despite a slight cosiness of tone) the most valuable of these essays concerns Cavafy himself; and we are reminded that Mr Forster was perhaps the first Englishman to recognise him and to make available samples of his poetry in translation.

> He had tried to lead Greece, then he had tried to lead mankind. He had succeeded in both. But was the universe also friendly, was it also in trouble, was it calling on him, on him, for his help and his love?

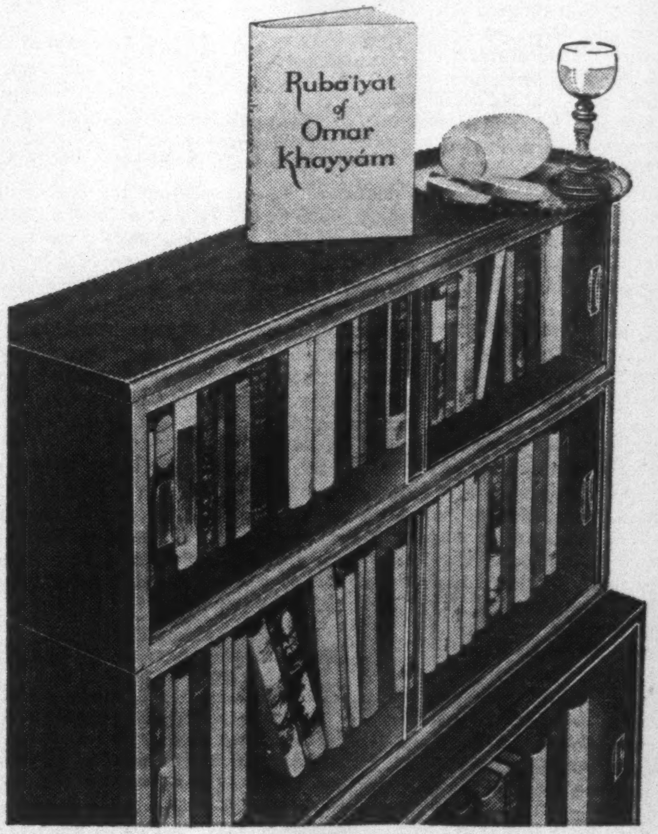
That, of Alexander, is one of Mr Forster's gentle confidence tricks.

> The Bedouin, guiding it [the plough], will sing tunes to the camel that he can only sing to the camel, because in his mind the tune and the camel are the same thing.

This is Mr Forster at his strongest, making other people come sharply alive for us – small thanks though he is likely to get from them for it!

Since History deceives, it might as well deceive us pleasantly. And the only part of this collection one could possibly object to is the remark, at the end of an otherwise edifying tale of Caligula, about the Chosen People, now as then. 'Look at them in the railway carriage now. Their faces are anxious and eloquent of past rebuffs. But they are travelling First.' The Alexandrian Jews who went to the mild Alexandrian internment camps in 1948 didn't travel First – to confine oneself with some difficulty to Alexandrian camps and Alexandrian Jews and 1948. This little paragraph could surely have been liquidated; however things were in 1923, its present suggestions jar somewhat with the remote urbanity of the rest of the book.

Even opium dens, even hashish dens vanish like a mirage when Mr Forster appears on the threshold. 'There is really nothing to say when one comes to the point.' Still, Mr Forster says it very well – even if at times one doesn't altogether believe him.



Come, fill the case...

Breadless, wineless, sadly songless in an unpoetic wilderness known as "the doghouse." Such poetic justice may well descend upon that dream-filled head of yours. For if you scatter your quatrains to the four corners of the living-room, don't feign surprise when you're hauled onto the carpet—Persian or otherwise—and faced with a wife waxing anything but lyrical. The gist of her few-thousand-word sermon being: "The proper place for books is a bookcase." Who can deny it?

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Dedijer

The Beloved Land. By Vladimir Dedijer. *MacGibbon & Kee.* 30*s*.

In the autumn of 1945, Basil Davidson, then on the staff of *The Times* and, until a few months before, a liaison officer parachuted to Tito's partisans, took me in a jeep to villages in the Voyvodina where peasants had hidden him from the fascists. We slept in their best beds and, in the morning, before coffee, we were given glasses of plum-brandy. This, I gather from Vladimir Dedijer, is an old Turkish custom, for his grandfather, Jovan Bacic, had a recipe for health which began with the instruction to start the day with a lump of sugar to attract 'the bad things which live in your body. Wait a few seconds, and then take a double plum-brandy and pour it over the scum. They have all been killed and you are healthy all day long. For safety's sake, you should repeat the operation during the day'.

Around the story of this Jovan Bacic, a terrible old ruffian, Dedijer weaves the history of his ancestors and of Bosnia in the last century. From there he takes us to the Yugoslavia created in 1918, and to his own adolescent problems as a student in a country where Serbs, Croats, Slovenes, Bosnians and Montenegrins still hated each other though they lived under a common tyranny. The later part of the book is largely autobiographical; it is based, he tells us, on the letters which, on a friend's advice, he wrote in search of relief from sorrow and conflict about Olga, his first wife. The story of their love and her death is the most moving part of a deeply sensitive and finely executed book. Olga did not at first share his political views; she decided to give her services as a doctor to the Communists after seeing the bodies of four partisans hanging on lamp posts. She died herself with the utmost fortitude, after her shoulder had been blown off when she was operating on a wounded partisan. Vladimir himself had just received a dangerous head wound. He buried her with his own hands, and has since been tormented in part by his loss, but also in part by a feeling of guilt about her death on behalf of a cause in which she was not ideologically involved.

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COLLINS

The history of Yugoslavia, or rather the parts that compose it, is exceptionally brutal, even by Balkan standards. It is a story of war against famine; of mountain people against the plains; of mutual slaughter between Christians and Moslems; of serfs rising against barbaric masters; of 400 years of misery under the Turks; of continued nationalist revolt against the Austrians. It culminates in the struggle of the partisans; they neither gave nor expected quarter, and were as tough as any fighters in history. But they won, in the ultimate analysis, because their leader understood that Serbs, Croats and the rest had to unite if they were to survive against the combination of Hungarian, Italian, German and local fascists who sought to exterminate them.

Dedijer was one of a small group who lived to lead the new Yugoslavia. His comrades included Tito, Djilas, Moshe Pijade and Rankovic. Since the war, Dedijer has written six books about his country, including a best-selling biography of Tito. He tells us that in 1950 he was asked to 'omit from the second edition of his *War Diaries* the name of Sreten Zugovic, the great partisan leader who, in 1948, took the Russian side in the dispute between Moscow and Belgrade, and the names of all other partisan leaders who shared his views'. He disagreed with these pro-Stalinists, but he appealed to Tito; to omit their names would falsify the record and dishonour the cause. It is a fair measure of the difference between Yugoslav and Soviet Communism that Tito understood and accepted his plea.

Dedijer had always believed that Yugoslav Communists would not devour each other as Stalinists had done. He therefore suffered deeply when Tito, with reluctance, finally agreed to the imprisonment of Djilas. But it is vital to an understanding of Yugoslav Communism that Djilas has been released and that Dedijer who supported him remained Tito's friend and was allowed, after many tribulations, to accept an invitation from Manchester University to continue his research and writing in this country.

Dedijer is large, boyish-looking, utterly brave, tender-hearted and loyal. More remarkable he has, one might say, an almost British non-conformist conscience. Back from the war, he tells us, he was asked for news of comrades, one of whom had been shot, 'in the first days of the uprising, because he was undisciplined. He wanted to fight the Germans; but he asked too many questions and did not obey all the commands of his superiors'. At the same time, he recalls another partisan who had been expelled from the Party because he had given away the names of comrades under torture, and, who had later been sentenced to death for cowardice. His execution was postponed by a German attack. He turned out to be one of the bravest of fighters and was decorated side by side with Dedijer. 'When I heard this story', Dedijer writes, 'I was struck by a feeling of culpability. How many had we sentenced for cowardice? How many of them had been shot? Were we right to do it? Had we been too inflexible? Did we not spill too much unnecessary blood? I tried to argue that in decisive wars, in revolutions, discipline is essential. Otherwise the goal would never be achieved. I was little reassured, but at night the question again began to torment me'.

Dedijer's distinction as an historian of war is that his primary interest is in the moral and human problems that it presents. They are peculiarly sharp, cruel and dramatic in war, just because in war we try to pretend that morals and humanity can be put aside for the duration. In fact these moral decisions and humane considerations decide the future.

Kingsley Martin

Insights and Epigrams

The Many Named Beloved. By Samuel Menashe. *Gollancz.* 16*s*.

Later Poems. By Austin Clarke. *Oxford, for the Dolmen Press.* 18*s*. 6*d*.

Title Deeds. By Frederick Grubb. *Longmans.* 15*s*.

Song for a Birth or a Death. By Elizabeth Jennings. *Deutsch.* 10*s*. 6*d*.

Robert Frost had to come to London for a publisher. But lately things have worked the other way; Charles Tomlinson had to go to New York. A relieved and rousing cheer, therefore, for Victor Gollancz: he has published Samuel Menashe, turned down in New York.

Menashe is a French-speaking Jew who went to the Sorbonne on the GI bill, and won his degree there with an essay on the poetic imagination, at a time when he hadn't written a line. He was 30 before he published. All his poems are very short, and usually the shorter the better, like this:

> Pity us
> By the sea
> On the sands
> So briefly;

or:

> The hollow of the morning
> Holds my soul still
> As water in a jar.

Fragments? Images without the poems that would place them? At best a costive talent? Not at all. This is the imagination risking all on a single throw, hedging no bets, leaving no way open for retreat or recouping losses, a test-case for readers and a challenge to writers. Such confidence in the naked imaginative act, disdaining all aid from rhetoric, can come only from sustained meditation on what poetry is, as distinct from any and every extant poem. Which is not to say that no poem should be longer.

Menashe's poems, though so brief, are not epigrams. They have not been whittled down or chiselled clean of rhetoric; the rhetoric was never there. (I speak of the effect they make.) For fine chiselling, turn instead to an Irish papist on papist Ireland, Austin Clarke's 'St Christopher':

> Child that his strength upbore,
> Knotted as tree-trunks i' the spate,
> Became a giant, whose weight
> Unearthed the river from shore
> Till saint's bones were a-crack:
> Fabulist, can an ill state
> Like ours, carry so great
> A Church upon its back?

This, which has taken the poet's chisel, will take the critic's too. We know what to do with it, with, for instance, that admirable word, 'unearthed'.

The more shame to us, then, that Austin Clarke is perhaps the most underrated poet in these islands. There are plenty of reasons why. One is the poet's own perversity, as publisher of his own work, as reviewer of the work of others, and also as poet; for he has gone out of his way to make his bitter topical epigrams ever more parochial in their references, which often remain too cryptic for the non-Irish reader even after consulting the indispensable notes.

One has to know Eire from the inside to appreciate the courage behind the cussedness with which Clarke commemorates every scandal and anomaly behind the self-congratulating obscurantism of that Christian State. While we go on about 'engagement' and the poet having a public duty to perform, we have on our door-step this object-lesson in how to perform it; and one can honour those enlightened Irishmen who feel that this late body of satires and epigrams is the crown of Clarke's achievement. On the other hand it was very wise to reprint from the *Collected Poems* of 1936 the 11 poems of *Pilgrimage* (1928). For it is not just a hankering for the Celtic Twilight which will hold readers delightedly in these treatments of themes from the Irish Middle Ages and later. The notes to these poems are technical, and I commend particularly 'South Westerly Gale', to bear out the claim made in the notes that unheard-of harmonies can come into English verse from adapting the assonantal patterns of Gaelic poetry.

Out of the obscure context of a poem by Frederick Grubb emerge the lines:

> This hour is not that summit, sacrament, home
> Any more than vileness proves a doom.
> Any more than an insight makes a poem.

Oh, but doesn't it? Samuel Menashe supposes it does; which seems reasonable. Frederick Grubb, supposing it doesn't, screws himself to one exertion after another. When he writes an epigram, it bears on its face not chisel-marks, but streaks of sweat. How hard he tries! How he pushes his words about! And sometimes in their collisions they strike fire. What they never do is drop into their place. I think he must learn to leave them alone sometimes, to trust them a little. One can see how he has gone over them time and again, unsettling a cliché, wedging in another pun, or ironing out a rhythm that dared to have a will of its own. The poem is left scarred all over, buffeted and tousled to death. Also, after reading Menashe, all his poems seem too long.

One feels this even more with Elizabeth Jennings. She has come to seem the purveyor of a standard product. The blurb anxiously assures us that this isn't so, and it's true that her themes nowadays are different, more ambitious and on the whole more interesting. But the style! It has the same (mostly negative) virtues, and the same vices, as in her first collection. And of course, as time goes on, we take the virtues, however unfairly, for granted, and resent the vices more. *Her* words drop into their places, oh dear, yes. The metronome ticks on, the words click softly home; one would have said they had no rhythm at all, were it not for a brief sigh of protest from even these willing slaves when a line-ending snips across a phrase. The worst are at the start; beginning about page 34, my interest in the thing said conquered my boredom at the way of saying. But that's poor consolation for reader and writer alike, though it's good enough apparently for the Poetry Book Society.

DONALD DAVIE

Lost River

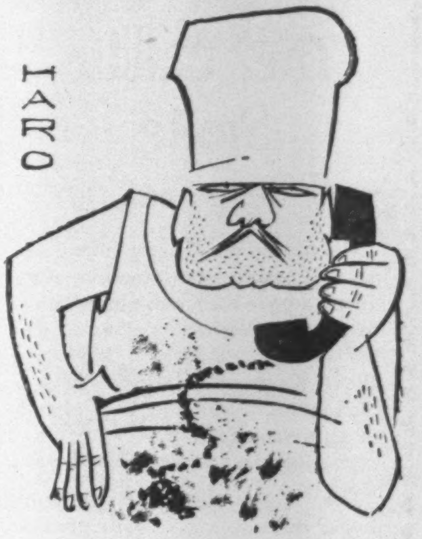
The Dawn and Twilight of Zoroastrianism. By R. C. ZAEHNER. *Weidenfeld & Nicolson. 50s.*

Lucifer may or may not be the central character in the history of religion, but he surely personifies its most troublesome problem – the existence of evil. The orthodox Zoroastrian solution was a dualism, the eternal conflict between the Truth and the Lie, Good and Evil, Ohrmazd and Ahriman; and interest in it can be found as far back as Plato's Academy and the Book of Daniel. But which of the several versions passing – Professor Zaehner would say 'masquerading' – under the name of Zoroastrianism has the truest claim? 'Never has a great religious thinker been more grossly travestied' by everyone from the Magi to Nietzsche to the 'fuddled imaginations' of 'men reputed as scholars' in our own day; by everyone including (my italics) *'his own followers who straightway obscured the purity of his monotheistic vision'*.

The developmental sequence, in Professor Zaehner's version, was something like this. Zoroaster, whose traditional dates are 628-551 BC, preached a pure monotheism. Not later than the reign of Artaxerxes I (465-425 BC), and perhaps earlier, Zoroastrianism became the religion of the royal Persian house in a bastard version: too much of the old polytheism had crept back and authority fell into the villainous, illegitimate hands of the priestly caste of Magi. Alexander the Great's conquest then drove the religion into such obscurity that 'we know practically nothing about it' for the next 500 years. Under the Sassanid dynasty, founded in 226 AD, Zoroastrianism was re-established as the official Persian religion, with a decreed orthodoxy and eventually a canon of sacred writings, the Avesta. The Muslim conquest in 652 put an end to the story; a few thousand believers still survive in Iran and 100,000 Parsees, the descendants of refugees, in India.

More than half the book is a statement of a doctrinal system, the Zoroastrianism of the later Avesta in both orthodox and heterodox versions. It demands very close study, since the liveliness of Professor Zaehner's invective is matched elsewhere by much opacity and imprecision – 'religions that are in any sense monotheist' is typical. Its accuracy can be judged only by the handful of specialists in Iranian languages able to cope with the Avesta, so much of which is admittedly unintelligible (as it apparently was even to the men who compiled the version now in existence).

On some central questions of method, however, no knowledge of Avestan is required. Professor Zaehner explicitly 'omits all account of the elaborate system of taboo . . . maintained down to the present day by the orthodox', and he offers the remarkable defence that 'it is the least attractive and the least worthwhile aspect of an otherwise attractive religion'. In contrast, his account of the original monotheism and its sad fate claims to be faithfully historical. How, then, does he know exactly what Zoroaster taught, if there is no contemporary evidence at all and if, as he believes, it is 'extremely unlikely' that any part of the Avesta was written down sooner than two centuries (or more) after the prophet's death? His answer, shared by other Iranists, is that one small portion, the Gathas ('hymns' or 'songs'), are demonstrably more archaic than the rest and were (with certain



The chef's nightmare

A MORE OR LESS apocryphal story about a young dramatic critic at Oxford tells how he would, in restaurants of reasonably refined moeurs, order and eat an ice-cream, the main course and the soup, in that order.

This is all very well for a critic. But it is very worrying for the chef. Tradition and training tell him that this is against the natural order of things, and incidentally takes no account of his efforts to plan a logical sequence of courses.

There's a similar problem of precedence when you pick up The Observer on Sunday. Here is a veritable beanfeast of ideas and articles and features. But where should one start?

Beginning at the end

Does one begin at page one, and work steadily through? This isn't a bad answer, but it lacks enterprise, and so it is out of harmony with the paper itself. And there is, incidentally, a good case for starting at the very end, for this is the page that carries 'The Week', a useful digest of news that brings you up to date with the events that you may have missed.

Clearly the main course on the menu is news, real news. But why start with the main course? How about a wry Feiffer cartoon, or a Paul Jennings fantasy, as an appetizer? And then there's the effervescent fashion-writing of Katharine Whitehorn, if you're a woman. Or if you aren't.

Unexpected insights

You might turn first to the financial expertise of the City pages. Or to Table Talk's unexpected insights into the lives of the great, and the talked-about. It may be that you will head straight for The Observer Profile. Or you may begin your Sunday-morning feast with the review pages; Kenneth Tynan, Maurice Richardson, Philip Toynbee and A. Alvarez are among the famous names who provide fare that is rich, rare, and never over-sweetened.

But in the end, and this is where the culinary analogy breaks down, you will probably decide that it doesn't much matter where you start reading The Observer. The important thing is to start! J.B.L.

The Plastic Smile

ROSALIE PACKARD

"An extraordinarily sympathetic and at the same time amusing story about a poor little rich girl who has to pawn her mother's tiara to pay her analyst. This is a kind and clever short novel written with a maximum of wit and a minimum of sentimentality."
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exceptions) 'the work of Zoroaster himself' transmitted orally. Now oral transmission is a subject about which research in other areas has revealed a good deal in recent years, and specifically that exact transmission of unwritten texts for 200 years is extremely improbable, if not impossible. The only chance lies in the existence of some group with a compelling interest in preserving the words exactly as they were in the beginning. If, however, 'Zoroaster's epigones were never . . . able to live up to their Prophet's monotheistic insights', then the more reasonable hypothesis is that the transmitting group perpetrated in the Gathas a garbled version of the prophet's ideas, at best.

Then there is the picture of a 500-year period when Zoroastrianism survived underground like some mysterious submerged river. Professor Zaehner simply ignores the fact that the Persian Empire was a conglomerate of peoples with separate cultures and religions, neither identical nor coterminous with those of the ruling class, Persian or Greco-Macedonian. In place of a serious sociological analysis of the relationships, there are casual assertions, easy and indefensible generalisations, notably about how monarchs will (and must) behave towards an official religion, so that the fate of the latter becomes immediately determined by what happened to the former.

There is an alternative way of looking at all this. One can argue that in the study of ideas it is only the ideas that count, not their bearers. It scarcely matters, then, whether it was Zoroaster who offered the original solution of the problem of evil propounded in this book, or Professor Zaehner. Ahriman or Lucifer, the problem is the same, and one's reaction to any proposed answer can be rational or emotional or visionary, with history properly pushed aside as an irrelevant intrusion. But then why struggle so hard to give the appearance of historical analysis?

M. I. FINLEY

Red Rat-Traps

Dust on the Paw. By ROBIN JENKINS. *Macdonald.* 18*s*.

Baron's Court, All Change. By TERRY TAYLOR. *MacGibbon & Kee.* 15*s*.

Some Angry Angel. By RICHARD CONDON. *Michael Joseph.* 21*s*.

John Christopher in Paris. By ROMAIN ROLLAND. Translated by Gilbert Cannan. *Heinemann.* 18*s*.

Dust on the Paw is a solid piece of work. It is dramatic, intelligent, acutely observed, well-written and individual. It will stimulate and entertain. Yet one cannot help feeling that Mr Jenkins has allowed his great gifts to be betrayed by his professional instinct to write a 'problem novel'. The problem is that of inter-racial marriage, and the setting is a mountainous and hopelessly underdeveloped Muslim country called Nurania, somewhere to the north of India and Pakistan. In Isban, the insanitary capital, Wahab, an eight-pounds-a-month science teacher of humble origin, waits for the arrival of Laura, his English fiancée. She is 33, a graduate of Birmingham University and a civil servant; they met while Wahab was a student in Manchester. The small British community is disturbed; they already have the example of unhappy Mrs Mohebzada, a London shopgirl lured by tales of wealth from suburban comfort to medieval squalor. They do what they can to prevent Laura from coming. Most active are those who have themselves committed mixed marriages: the attractive Mrs Mossaour, who is married to a Lebanese and is embarrassed and sometimes hysterical about her nearly black children; Moffatt, the lecturer in English, fat, young, an occasional contributor of verse to the NEW STATESMAN, devoted to Nurania, devoted to his Chinese wife yet unwilling, for reasons of race, to have children by her.

Mr Jenkins makes it clear that he is exploring the 'problem' thoroughly. In fact it is this insistence which is the book's main weakness, giving a touch of sensationalism which, one feels, was far from the author's intention. The British characters seem to have no existence except in relation to the problem; and in a country like Nurania, Russian-infiltrated, awaiting revolution, the problem does not appear to have the importance the writer gives it. Wahab's prejudices are more important than those of the British women's sewing circle. This, oddly enough, is indicated by Mr Jenkins's title, which has to do with the Nuranian attitude to power: the paw stands for authority, the dust for those who have to submit. Mr Jenkins's portrait of Nurania is that of an observer. He is sympathetic and penetrating – Nurania, the physical country, is brilliantly realised – but he remains an observer. His plotting Nuranians, bearded mullah or Oxford-accented prince, are creatures of melodrama. Wahab, emotional, idealistic, comic, is a poor relation of Mr Forster's Aziz and a descendant of Mr Newby's Muawiya. 'I have found that I am the same kind of Nuranian as the rest,' Wahab says, and gives the game away: it is the conclusion of an observer. The novel, then, must be judged a failure, all the more tantalising because we get so many glimpses of what a good novel it might have been. It isn't Mr Jenkins's intelligence, sensibility or technique which is at fault. It is his professionalism. *Dust on the Paw* is his tenth novel; and he writes like a man saving up his energies for ten more, when he should be writing every novel as though it were his last.

In one of his later essays D. H. Lawrence wrote about the failure of the English character to 'develop the real *urban* side of a man'. The great city should be a thing of 'beauty, dignity and a certain splendour'. But: 'England is a mean and petty scrabble of paltry dwellings called "homes" . . . And the men inside these little red rat-traps get more and more helpless, being more and more humiliated, more and more dissatisfied, like trapped rats.' *Baron's Court, All Change*, a first novel, is a cry of protest from the rat-trap, puzzled, irreverent and touched with genuine anguish. The narrator is a young man seemingly doomed to suburban upper-working-class respectability. His rebellion is nothing more than a search for a sense of community. But that instinct, as D. H. Lawrence observed, has been long frustrated in England; and all that is open to the rebel of Mr Taylor's novel is first a suburban Spiritualist group, and then that community, united by jazz and Indian hemp, which lies east of Baron's Court. Stated like this, the novel sounds sensational; it is, in fact, far less so than Mr Jenkins's, for the moving thing about Mr Taylor's hero is his vulnerability, his knowledge that there is really no escape, no community, that, in spite of dreams and the Battersea fun-fair, his life will run wastefully down to an end. Mr Taylor's brisk, colloquial style is well suited to his subject. It is not verbose and coy, as some colloquial styles can be; it is precise, with its own nervous rhythms. Occasionally, particularly in the early pages, it is derivative, but it is supported by too much genuine feeling for this to matter.

The cleverest thing about *Some Angry Angel* is its blurb, which will bamboozle many into paying serious attention to what is a pretentious, ill-written, run-of-the-mill American novel, of the type that 'takes the lid off' one thing or another. The lid is here taken off the syndicated column business; it is not at all surprising that the well-known columnist is cowardly, drunken etc. You have to care deeply about American syndicated columns to care. The bad style – American polysyllabic variety – is supposed to be part of the joke; and the prose poems at the end of each chapter, in italics and bold letters, doubtless have their purpose. One of the 'common privileges' of a writer, Swift wrote in the Preface to *A Tale of a Tub*, is that 'whatever word or sentence is printed in a different character shall be judged to contain something extraordinary either of wit or sublime'.

A misguided sense of duty drove me through the re-issued volumes of *John Christopher;* a depressing, futile business. Everything is so laboured and yet so simple. The novel is like a blown-up scenario; it never catches fire; the first sentence of every paragraph frees one from the need to read the rest: it is too predictable. *John Christopher in Paris*, the third volume, consists basically of two long essays on the condition of France. Rolland is worth reading when he lays aside fiction, and his comments of 50 years ago are still relevant:

> French writers never seem to be on good terms with virtue: they always force the note when they talk of it.
>
> Anything that came to hand was ground into couplets, antitheses, arguments: love, suffering, death. And when that was done, they thought they had felt love, suffering and death. Nothing but phrases . . . They turned the acutest problems into ingenious games.

V. S. Naipaul

This is Ours

Portugal and Its Empire. By Antonio de Figueiredo. *Gollancz.* 18*s.*

Oldest Ally. By Peter Fryer and Patricia McGowan Pinheiro. *Dobson.* 25*s.*

Both these books are valuable aids to an understanding of the Angola rebellion. They explain the metropolitan background to the colonial struggle which has come at long last to violent expression in Portugal's largest overseas possession. Even five years ago there was some sense in the claim that the quiescence of Africans in Angola and Mozambique was due to Portuguese colour-blindness. But with the first stirrings of African nationalism the governing oligarchy in Lisbon jettisoned all remnants of traditional liberalism and brought up from the hold the blood and soil philosophy which had been carefully stowed away at the end of the war. *'Isto è nosso'* – this is ours – has been the constant cry both of Portuguese statesmen and of the censored press throughout this period.

Why this should be so is explained in these books, which begin by studying Salazar's rise to power against a national background of illiteracy, poverty and corruption – the legacy of the monarchy to the young republic. Resistance to Salazar went on all through the Thirties, but suffered a fatal blow with the triumph of Franco. Portuguese democrats confidently expected that the coming of peace in 1945 would herald the end of dictatorship in the Iberian peninsula, but the cold war dashed their hopes by restoring Franco and Salazar to full respectability. By 1958, however, a new spirit was abroad and the candidature of General Delgado aroused tremendous enthusiasm. While Delgado and others took refuge in foreign embassies to escape reprisals, Salazar was planning to end the method of popular election altogether, and in 1959 it was duly established that in future the President should be chosen by an electoral college, packed with safe men. Nevertheless the democratic struggle against Salazar has been maintained continuously, with the episode of the Santa Maria as its most recent *démarche*.

Mr Figueiredo left school in 1939 at the age of ten – 'I was selling shoes in a Lisbon store and supplying 15 per cent of the family income with my one pound a month'. At the end of the war he emigrated to Mozambique and eventually became an official of a British bank in Lourenço Marques. He was arrested in 1959 and deported because of his political activities, and later the same year escaped to London.

His book concentrates chiefly on the economic influences at work both in Portugal and the overseas territories. Writing without bitterness he exposes the hypocrisy of Salazarist claims to have brought better conditions to the mass of the Portuguese people. Too much has been spent on the facade, and too little in raising living standards or on providing education for a nation where 40 per cent are still illiterate.

From this he passes to a critique of the colonial policy which sees Angola and Mozambique as status symbols, proofs of past grandeur. It has been argued that Portugal must retain her colonies since she cannot survive without them. This has not been the experience of the Dutch in losing the East Indies, nor is it likely to be that of the Belgians in losing the Congo. Portugal, on the other hand, approaches this crisis in her history without the industrial resources, political maturity or social cohesion of either Holland or Belgium. Deprived of her colonies, Portugal would need, in addition to social reform, a large-scale programme of economic aid from without to enable her to catch up with the booming economies of some of her European neighbours.

Mr Fryer and Miss Pinheiro are an Anglo-Irish-Portuguese partnership. They do not know at first hand Portugal's overseas territories, but they know Portugal. The first half of *Oldest Ally* is devoted to a sympathetic study of social conditions at home; to this information is added an analysis of the political and economic history of the past 30 years, together with chapters on the colonial problem, the machinery of repression and the struggle of the opposition.

The main trouble, of course, is that most of the opposition groups are as divided as the African nationalist parties. This, in fact, has become a propaganda point for the Establishment, which blandly enquires, 'What is the alternative anyway?' Mr Figueiredo has taken as his text the famous aphorism of Pombal after the Lisbon earthquake of 1757, 'Bury the dead and care for the living'. Salazar has given a new twist to the phrase. 'We are fighting,' he said, 'so that without offence to anyone, Goa may continue to be a memorial to Portuguese discoveries'. In other words, 'Bury the living and care for the dead'.

Clifford Parsons

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In his latest book the author of *Religion and the Modern Mind* and *A Critical History of Greek Philosophy* investigates the question of what bearing 'mystical experience' has upon the more important problems of philosophy. 21*s.*

MACMILLAN

Ante-Mortems

Memoirs of a Bengal Civilian. By JOHN BEAMES. *Chatto & Windus.* 30*s.*

Punjabi Century 1857-1947. By PRAKASH TANDON. *Chatto & Windus.* 21*s.*

John Beames has quite a touch of Smollett: the toughness, the practical virtues and the personal reserve look out of keeping with the smooth Victorian of the frontispiece. His memoirs of life in the Punjab and Bengal from 1858 to 1879 cover much of the usual ground – the journeys, floods and dacoits, the horse-play and iced claret, the savage devotion to work – but they betray unusual qualities. He didn't reach distinction – except as a student of the Aryan languages – but he was clearly a sounder man than many who did. His sardonic way with most of the symbols of the British raj, especially its Lieutenant-Governors, did him no good; on the other hand, he is far from self-important enough to belong with the great Victorian misfits. The result in this book is a view of British India unclouded by either uplift or introspection. His real subject is not himself so much as society: and it was a curiously solid society in spite of its impermanence. John Beames was wholly absorbed in it, a man of its collector's offices and magistrate's courts, managing in his blunt judgments a nice combination of the human and pragmatic. His gift for this kind of experience makes British India look substantial enough to last a thousand years.

In Prakash Tandon's view of the scene nothing looks so permanent, and society appears as process rather than reality. *Punjabi Century* is an unusual sort of autobiography, the story of three generations as much as of one man. As if he already felt a certain thinness in the life around him as a child, Mr Tandon gives closer attention to his father's time than to his own, elaborating its customs and ceremonies and linking them with his grandfather's generation born before British rule. His own life moves in another direction, towards accountancy and Manchester, and the complex social and cultural web surrounding him has grown thinner still before it is blown away altogether at the time of independence and partition.

The story isn't written simply out of family piety. There are important themes running through it, and Mr Tandon is both sensitive and detached in handling them. The process of change and adaptation in Hindu society in the Punjab is his broad subject, complicated and elaborated by a particular theme: the growing mastery over nature that accompanies the decline of the traditional culture. He notes of his father, 'From a simple boy in a village he had become an engineer doing complicated trigonometric calculations – a transformation where religion has played no part'. The process continued in his own life: he has gone beyond trigonometry and belongs to the managerial elite that has come to power in modern India. It is a fruitful ambiguity in his story that Mr Tandon is one of the 'new men' himself, belonging to two worlds that have not yet quite fallen apart. His account of the situation is well worth comparing with Satyajit Ray's films.

He is a beautifully controlled writer, but it must be said that he is strikingly uncritical. I'm not sure if this is because he is personally a successful man. At any rate, he seems to me amusing in the number of his excuses for British rule in India, and rather helplessly reticent about the effect of the social and cultural revolution he describes. The isolation of the individual it has brought about – *any* precise feeling for the individual – are things he fails to convey. He is detached, controlled; and the effect is a little to diminish his subject, to show India only in the beautiful distance, through the wrong end of a telescope.

ROBERT TAUBMAN

The latest news about the 'birth' pill

There has been a lot of publicity lately about 'birth' pills—but do you know the *facts* about them? During the development and testing of these pills a lot of valuable facts have emerged—about the effectiveness of the pills, the possible side-effects, how and when they should be taken, how much they are likely to cost. If you would like to have the latest information about these pills, you will find it in the free booklet entitled "Modern Family Planning". Sensibly written in simple language, this booklet sets out to explain all that married people need to know about all the various family planning methods. It can answer all your questions, relieve your anxiety—and contribute a great deal to the happiness and harmony of your marriage.

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Africana

The Foundations of Freedom. By D. V. COWEN. *Oxford.* 30*s.*

The Industrial Colour Bar in South Africa. By G. V. DOXEY. *Oxford.* 22*s.* 6*d.*

Political Africa. By RONALD SEGAL. *Stevens.* 50*s.*

Professor Cowen is a brave man. Having played a notable part in devising the first representative constitution for Basutoland, he has now turned his liberal legal mind to the much tougher problem of constitution-making in his own South Africa. First of all, he has to come to terms with the lessons of South African political history. When the South Africa Act was passed by the British Parliament in 1909, it was thought that constitutional safeguards for existing rights had been so firmly entrenched that they could never be diminished. These rights applied only to a tiny minority of the non-European masses. Yet the history of South Africa ever since has shown that the dominant quarter of the population, which is white, will tear up constitutions whenever it fears a threat to its supremacy. In 1936 the white parties removed all Africans from the common electors' roll despite entrenched protection. In 1956 the Cape Coloureds met a similar fate; three years later, the last vestiges of African representation in the South African Parliament were abolished.

Professor Cowen knows that he has to face these historical facts if he is to establish his case for the relevance of constitution-making in the present South African racial situation. The only way of defeating apartheid, he thinks, is to convince the white community that it has more to fear from racial separation than from integration. He believes that by showing the whites that constitutional safeguards can be created to protect their individual and group rights, the white community can be converted to democratic non-racialism. Such an approach is valuable; an essential element in any South African solution being the assuaging of South African Europeans' hysterical fear. But it seems probable that for many years the front-line against apartheid will be manned by its political opponents; and that only political progress can create the conditions in which Professor Cowen's constitution-making will be rationally considered by white minority or black majority.

It is sometimes argued that the South African dilemma will be solved either by the pressure of organised white labour or by the greater prosperity created within an industrial economy. Those who believe this should read Mr Doxey's book. He shows once again that orthodox economic interpretations of history, whether Marxist or liberal, do not apply in

South Africa. It is true that white artisans will never be economically secure so long as mining is based on cheap migratory labour, and equally true that the South African economy cannot fully expand whilst an artificial industrial colour bar is imposed by the Government. Nevertheless, it has always been the white industrial workers who have most strongly supported apartheid, whilst even the more intelligent industrial leaders have never successfully opposed the national racialist psychology.

It may well be that the decisive influence in resolving the South African dilemma will come from other African states. For any of us who often find wider African affairs confusing, Ronald Segal has rendered a valuable service in producing the first reference book of African personalities and parties. In a large book of this kind mistakes of detail are inevitable, yet there are surprisingly few inaccuracies. Perhaps some will criticise the personal judgments of personalities and policies. Too great an emphasis is certainly given to a number of obscure South African individuals, whilst the author clearly favours what he sees as the 'progressive policies' of the Casablanca powers in contrast to the less demagogic efforts of the Monrovian and Brazzaville states. Still, these judgments certainly enliven the book. As a reference work it is unique, and as a piece of research a genuine contribution to Africana.

JOHN HATCH

Beware

The Pilgrim Daughters. By HESKETH PEARSON. *Heinemann. 25s.*

The importation into Europe of American women and their money, which began in earnest in the last quarter of the 19th century, could certainly provide the material for an attractive book. The contrast between spectacular hostesses like Lady Holland and Lady Cunard and charming political wives like Mrs Joseph Chamberlain and Lady Harcourt helps to dispose of some of the wild generalisations that have been made about the 'American invasion'. Not all high marriages ended as disastrously as that between Consuelo Vanderbilt and the ninth Duke of Marlborough, although there was ample justification for the warnings which the young Rosebery received from a close friend on his first visit to America in the early 1870s – 'beware the damned heartless scheming mothers'. It is said that Leonard Jerome was given the Old Testament to read on his deathbed and flung it away exclaiming, 'What *horrible* people!' With certain conspicuous exceptions, this judgment could well fit the people in Mr Pearson's book.

I will confess that Mr Pearson himself is one of my oldest antipathies. Charles II, Disraeli, Boswell and Johnson, Gilbert and Sullivan, Shaw – they all come the same to him, and there is something awe-inspiring about the nimbleness with which he leaps from one century to another.

> We must not make the mistake of those professional historians, who, wishing to monopolise their special epochs, criticise trespassers in their province for not being sufficiently soaked in their periods.

Having put these presumptuous persons firmly in their place, he goes on

> In order to understand any age, a writer merely has to understand his own, because human beings never change and human passions remain the same under different disguises.

With these glittering precepts as his guide, he leads us through the marriages of numerous American ladies, starting with Betsy Patterson, who married Jerome Bonaparte, and ending with Mrs Simpson. We are introduced to Lady Holland, Lady Randolph Churchill, Consuelo Vanderbilt, Curzon's two wives, Lady Cunard, Lady Astor, Mrs Chamberlain, Mrs Kipling (about whom we learn hardly anything), and other notables.

The reminiscences of the American wives might have been handled with greater caution, and it is not without significance that in the case of the happy marriages the ladies seldom troubled to publish their memoirs. Divorcees writing about the failure of their marriages can hardly be the most authoritative of informants. Very occasionally Mr Pearson's book comes to life, particularly when he is dealing with people he knew or met. The account of the stricken Joseph Chamberlain sitting in the Kensington Gardens tea-shop is startlingly vivid. He gets off to a brisk start with the 'Cliveden Set' by describing Garvin as 'an unbalanced windbag with messianic tendencies who lulled himself and his readers with columns of imposing platitudes', but adds characteristically, 'If they had occasionally studied life in a public house or read Shakespeare's picture of a dictator in *Macbeth* with understanding, they might have learnt something to the nation's advantage.'

I have often wondered where exactly Mr Pearson's audience is situated, and I note that a reviewer of *Johnson and Boswell* has suggested that that volume could with advantage be presented to visiting Martians. This is a cruel thought but has a spark of ingenuity; they are welcome to my copy of *The Pilgrim Daughters.*

ROBERT RHODES JAMES

ARTS & ENTERTAINMENT

The Hand of Man

DAVID SYLVESTER

The important loan exhibition of Italian bronze statuettes now at the V & A is the first such exhibition to have been held in any country. For all the hundreds or thousands of art books that the world's printing presses churn out every year now, the last comprehensive picture-book to have been published on the Italian bronze statuette came out 30 years ago. Nor does one hear talk, except among specialists, of these bronzes, as one does of Greek or Etruscan or Chou or Benin bronzes: I have never heard anyone but an art historian mention the name of Riccio, who is surely a major European master and is quite as well represented in this country as at so popular a tourist resort as the Ca d'Oro. And this is at a time when current activity in sculpture is focused on work cast in bronze and not, as between the wars, on carving in wood and stone.

What is now conceived to be the especial value of cast as against carved sculpture is, I think, clearly exemplified by a couple of pieces in the outstanding anthology of modern sculpture now at the Hanover Gallery – the seated figure of a woman by Matisse and the bust of a man by Giacometti. The Matisse woman has a peculiarly awkward pose, one likely to be rewarding to a sculptor only for the terrific demands it makes on him: she sits with her legs crossed, leaning well backwards, with arms stretched forward to hold her knee against the strain. The pose risks our feeling that she has not toppled over backwards only because she is made of metal and not flesh and bone. But down the woman's flank, the sculptor's thumb has left a series of facets, each of which in catching the light creates a small right-angled ridge of light, and these light-catching facets serve to pull the figure upright and make it sculpturally stable by working in the opposite direction to the pull of her body. Now, it's a common characteristic of oil painting that inflexions of the brush are used to counteract the general direction of a form. This sculpture by Matisse has been modelled with the same freedom as that with which *malerisch* painters use paint: the modelling marks are visible and eloquent as brushmarks.

In the Giacometti bust, the face is reduced to a single curved frontal plane with a nose projecting from it. As we look at this plane we feel the artist's hands shaping it out of the clay, and sense that, as he shaped it, the nerves in his fingers were echoing what they would have felt in groping their way over his own face to discover by touch alone a face's form.

In both these masterpieces of modern modelling, then, we respond to the way in which the artist has left the imprint of his spirit on the work through the physical imprint of his hand. It is not only that a sculptural medium has been used with the degree of freedom associated with oil paint, for with oil painting the brush, while an extension of the artist's hand in a way that the sculptor's chisel is not, is still an intervener between the artist and his material (we remember that the ageing Titian tended to paint with his fingers). In modelled sculpture nothing comes between the artist's hand and the work it shapes. And in sculpture like Matisse's and Giacometti's this intimacy, this immediacy, is emphatically transmitted, becomes an important element in the emotional content of the work. So for us, as contemporaries of these artists, few things are more relished in all modelled sculpture than the feeling it gives of the artist's direct touch, the sense of living and eloquent form emerging from the manipulation of a lump of clay or wax, a bit of elemental matter. In front of a carving in stone we share Michelangelo's fantasy that the ultimate form was latent in the block before the sculpture brought it to light. Attributing no such inherent virtue to the modeller's clay or wax, we see his power to give form as something divine. In consequence, the sense preserved in the finished product of the coming into being of the form is charged with meaning.

This sense of the handling of the material is, we all know, as strong in Michelangelo's wax sketch-models as in any Rodin. Had there been art dealers in Michelangelo's day, no doubt these waxes would have been cast in bronze in editions of seven and sold to collectors. In that event, Michelangelo would have been represented in the present exhibition and we would have approached it confident of finding something with a ready appeal to us. Our dim generalised concept of Italian bronze statuettes promises nothing so sympathetic, nothing so agreeably sketchy, but rather an agglomeration of objects rather too exquisite, too refined, too redolent of gracious living. And our expectations are of course quite wrong. All the freedom and variety of handling which we associate with modern sculpture can be found here. We often hear it said nowadays of certain great painters of the past that their handling in old age – Titian's notably – 'anticipates' modern painting, which is untrue: their freedom is of another kind. But it would be true to say that certain of these sculptors handle their material precisely as sculptors since Rodin have done (the Pollajuolo *Hercules and Antaeus*, for example, is handled like a Matisse). What is more, this freedom of handling is reconciled here with the creation of exquisite, self-contained objects which have nothing of the unfinished about them. I am thinking especially of the marvellous relief of *The Flagellation* by Francesco di Giorgio, where the figures in high relief emerge from the bronze with the same sort of poignancy as in *The Gates of Hell*, while at the same time the background is not swimming and inchoate as in the Rodin but an architectural background of an incredible precise grace.

I don't, however, want to suggest that this sense in the finished work of the artist's handling of the material depends upon his using more or less 'impressionistic' techniques. Riccio's surfaces have a fine finish, but we still feel the taking shape of his forms. His sculptures combine in a miraculous way a nervous, flickering vitality and an immense density of mass, so that they seem terrifically compressed, as if an impossible quantity of matter had somehow been packed into their diminutive scale. Within this scale they condense rich contrasts of form, such as that between the intricate head-dress and the smooth curve of the back of the woman with a child symbolising *Abundance*. And they are full of lovingly accurate observation, as in the curve of the belly of the same figure. Intimacy and grandeur are, as in Giorgione, one. This is a classicising art, but it is not an idealising art: it has nothing in common with neo-classicism. It does not aim at an abstract ideal of the human form; it modifies an existing ideal with particular observations of life.

I've made no attempt to touch on the interpretive and dramatic qualities of the works, qualities which were clearly to the fore in the artists' minds, as we can gather from Pope-Hennessy's discussion, in his *Italian Renaissance Sculpture*, of the way in which Antico, in the *Hercules and Antæus* in the V & A (not included in the exhibition), adapts a Roman prototype in such a way that the formal highpoint and its psychological highpont – the agonised head of Antæus – are made to coincide. And in the last resort it is probably their richness and complexity of psychological content that is the most remarkable characteristic of Italian bronzes. It would be difficult to think of a portrayal of an individual face more sophisticated and mysterious than Algardi's bust of Innocent X, impossible to think of a nude figure which conveyed a more intense ambivalence of feeling about the human body than Donatello's *Putto with a Dolphin*.

Sights and Sounds

DAVID DREW

Of all the decadences in our Western music, none has taken a clearer course than Italian Opera. From Verdi to, shall we say, Nino Rota, the line first curves downward, and then plummets, like the trajectory of a bomb. The crisis in tonality, which Puccini intelligently acknowledged – and side-stepped – in *Il Trittico* and *Turandot*, was too complex for the indigenous form to grapple with, and it is significant that the only real *development* of Italianate operatic forms after the Great War (and its equivalent 'great war' in music) was brought about by non-Italian composers – notably Stravinsky, Weill, and Britten.

For the sake of argument, let us consider, in order of artistic precedence, a number of records of Italian opera issued during the last gramophone 'season'. I make no apologies for including at the head of these 'operas' the Verdi *Requiem*, which without any dogmatic intention implicitly restores the sacred rite to its ancient association with theatrical modes (as indeed did Rossini's *Petite Messe Solennelle*, on a lower level).

The most recent version of the Verdi *Requiem* is issued by RCA and conducted by Fritz Reiner. One is bound to compare this with its most immediate predecessor, HMV's recording of a performance conducted by Tullio Serafin. Reduced to a crude though useful simplification, the choice is between Reiner's recording, which has the better solo singing, and Serafin's, which is conducted with more life and understanding. I cannot see how anyone could fail to choose Serafin's performance on this reckoning, but there will always be regrets. For instance, Reiner's soloists in the wonderful 'Agnus Dei' – Leontyne Price and Rosalind Elias – are a true musical partnership; Serafin's are not.

La Forza del Destino is one of the least familiar products of Verdi's middle period. Indeed, it is chiefly known to the general public through its potpourri Overture. What the Overture of course cannot suggest is the power and beauty of the opera's massed choral scenes, especially the third scene of the third Act, which opens with a nocturnal chorus of the soldiers that is comparable to the mysterious barracks music in *Wozzeck*. Another remarkable feature of this scene is the characterisation of the Friar Melitone, who emerges as a very subtle and assured prototype of Verdi's great Falstaff.

RCA have issued an outstanding performance of the opera, in an album of four records, conducted by Fernando Previtali. With Zinka Milanov in the leading role of Leonora, and the orchestra and chorus of the Accademia di Santa Cecilia playing and singing with a strength and grace that is rare in recordings of Italian opera, this issue is highly to be recommended. The late Leonard Warren as Don Carlo does not begin too happily (see his 'Son Pereda, son ricco d'onore'), but in his great scene later in Act 2, he gives us a measure of what has been lost to us by his passing. Giuseppe di Stefano's Alvaro is a worthy rival to this Carlo. My chief regret about this recording is that the musically superb scene between the two men in Act 3 is removed from its (controversial) position. In a recording of an opera, purely dramatic exigencies are surely not decisive.

To turn from Verdi to Puccini is always to risk being unfair to the later composer. But when it is the best Puccini, the comparison will not be annihilating. Whether in fact Puccini's last work, *Turandot*, represents the best of him is not a question that is easy to answer in the opera house, where the interpretation of certain elements – the external Orientalism, and the fundamentally important role of the Three Masquers – all too often stands in the way of objective judgment. In comparison with Verdi's pre-crisis harmonic security, Puccini's polychordal style is apt to sound a little bogus, and the famous question-and-answer scene is rather more skilful dramatically than the concrete musical invention can sustain.

I have never been more impressed with this score than when listening to it in cold privacy, without visual distractions; and for this opportunity I greatly welcome the recent RCA album of the opera conducted by Erich Leinsdorf, with the Chorus and Orchestra of the Rome Opera House. Without belittling the manifold and wholly genuine 'star' qualities of a recording which has Birgit Nilsson, Renata Tebaldi and Jussi Björling in the leading roles, it is arguable that the real revelation of this recording lies in the performances of Mario Sereni, Piero de Palma and Tomaso Frascati as the three Masquers, Ping, Pang, and Pong. If ever Puccini achieved true subtlety, it was in his treatment of these highly ambiguous figures. But the mincing foolishness which almost invariably is imposed on them in the opera house obscures all that. In this admirable recording, however, they are thoroughly reinstated. The performance is witty in the best sense, and at the same time frightening in a way that searches rather than bludgeons. Much of the credit for this must go to Leinsdorf.

The strange marriage which fate has arranged between Leoncavallo's *Pagliacci* and Mascagni's *Cavalleria Rusticana* has produced some very seedy offspring in the shape of short Italian operas which aspire to the corporate commercial success of those two works. Part of the seediness lies in the failure

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to distinguish between the parents. In its small way, *Pagliacci* is a theatrical *coup*, and musically it is the real thing, for all its faults. But *Cavalleria* already marks the degeneration of the species. Where the workmanship in *Pagliacci* is sometimes weak, in *Cavalleria* it is shoddy. Decca have brought out an album containing the two works – *Pagliacci* in a reissued performance conducted by Molinari-Pradelli, with del Monaco, Cornell McNeil and Gabriella Tucci in the leading roles, *Cavalleria* in a new recording conducted by Tullio Serafin, with del Monaco partnered this time by Giuletta Simionato. Apart from some poor *a capella* singing in *Cavalleria* these recordings will serve their purpose – a purpose for which del Monaco's kind of singing is doubtless mandatory. But couldn't we have had a *little* characterisation from the Tonio (Cornell McNeill)? 'So ben che difforme' may be marked *cantabile sostenuto*, but the hunchback should surely have a very special kind of *cantabile*.

Sagan . . .

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

Producers, quite understandably, don't like to be reminded of the novel behind the film. They bought it, didn't they? What right has a critic, who hasn't even paid for his seat, to go dragging it up?

Mr Anatole Litvak, producer and director of *Goodbye Again* at the Leicester Square Cinema, could claim that he has in general been pretty faithful to his original, Françoise Sagan's *Aimez-vous Brahms . . .* With licence to change everything, he keeps much intact. Story, characters, even the author's intention, are there. That incredibly vapid title? Well, Brahms had to go; but they've made up for it by plugging the third movement of his third symphony. It comes at full blast from a concert platform, down corridors, over a car radio; a jazz quintet burbles it in a nightclub; in case we still haven't registered, it sees us out at the end on a plucked violin. And what has happened to Brahms has happened to Mlle Sagan's cunningly muted little novel.

Given the full, reverent treatment, *Goodbye Again* plays up to Ingrid Bergman as the woman of 40, flung for a while into taking a young lover. One can't help admiring and liking her, and the poignancy has been well wrapped round. Dior dresses her. She has also the traditional studio-window-view over a back-cloth Paris. Location does the gay city proud, with car-rides up the boulevards and sunlight on the café tables – until rain is needed to drench her young lover standing outside the door. She is flanked by Yves Montand as the man of years, 'faithful in his fashion', and Anthony Perkins as virgin youth. They all, of course, have money; though some of them go through the token movements of earning it.

With her Indian summer of love finished, Ingrid cries over the balcony at the figure retreating downstairs, 'But I am old, old!'; and this would be a real cry from the heart if enough had led up to it. But the truth is that this triangle outside marriage has only been given its exploitable values; the cat's tread of the original has become an elephant trail. In any case, it seems to me, a good deal of this author's wicked penetration has dissolved away since the sour grapes of *Bonjour Tristesse*. To have made a good film of *Aimez-vous Brahms . . .* would have needed true creative sympathy. All that Litvak has done is transpose, titivate with comedy, turn on a few spotlights. A scene of tears, with Bergman hurling away and driving off in a car, is quite spoilt by the close-ups of tears streaming, a blurred road, the screen-wipers set wagging. The novel had remarked, with very different effect, that she smiled over her automatic action in switching on.

Verona Betrayed

STUART HALL

Mr Peter Hall's *Romeo and Juliet* opened at Stratford with considerable disadvantages. He lost (there is a story here which everybody seems to know but no one will tell) his Romeo, Zia Moyeddin, at the eleventh hour, and had to promote the inexperienced Brian Murray. If Romeo were a well-tempered Veronese Tommy Steele, Mr Murray would have done. But the characterisation of the principals is so unforgivably thin, and the dramatic weight rests so heavily upon the formal strategy of the verse, that a Romeo without verbal music and the full tonic scale of the passions is a man of straw. Mr Murray lacked both – but his inadequacies were brutally, and unnecessarily, exposed by Mr Hall's lack of a unified vision of the play, and his failure to impose a unified style.

Comparisons are bound to be made with Zeffirelli's *Romeo and Juliet* at the Old Vic, which has just closed. Confronted with a play in which character and verse are estranged – life on one side (the supporting players), passion at the centre of the stage (the sex being all in Mercutio's images, and the secret abductions left to the Nurse and Friar Laurence, Romeo and Juliet have to make do with 'love') – Zeffirelli rightly imposed upon his scene an imported realism. His was a Verona of teds and brawlers. Mr Hall retreats from all this to the safer climate of a Stratford Verona, but his retreat is half-hearted and unconvinced. The production almost collapses in a riot of conflicting styles. Thus Mr Murray's boyish charm is matched by an inexplicably moronic, naturalistic Tybalt (Peter McEnery), who, in turn, exchanges thrusts with a brilliantly exaggerated but highly stylised Mercutio (Ian Bannen). The classical formality of Edith Evans as the Nurse is locked, between Sean Kenny's ingenious construction of arches and balconies, with a quite arbitrary and alarming Friar Laurence (Max Adrian).

Without a single style to sustain them, each performance stood or fell on its own. Edith Evans was satisfyingly complete – tetchy, worldly, gossipy, splendidly ancient. Mr Bannen's Mercutio is not complete, but it is wild and exciting – and his studied exaggerations managed to get the production moving in unsuspected places (e.g. the Queen Mab speech), leaving the surrounding countryside flat and indifferent. Miss Tutin's Juliet was nearly right, but not compelling. She was a shade too forward for 14, destroying the illusion of her part: there was more magic in the glimpses of her between Mr Kenny's arches at the feast than ever came from the verses she has to speak: her premonition of the tomb (dramatically realised by Sean Kenny's serried vault of decomposing bodies) was strangely moving, but only reminded us of depths untouched elsewhere. The grim tragedy between the two families – the unhinged social order in the play – was dissipated in the most indistinct crowd scenes imaginable. Verona thus betrayed, Stratford, inevitably, triumphed.

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Chess, Anyone?

ROGER GELLERT

The Arts Theatre is now offering a rather shaming entertainment called *Lady Chatterley*. Ineptly adapted, hideously set and ludicrously performed, it has a high gormlessness that cancels lust, and love and D. H. Lawrence – to name only a few.

The adaptor, John Hart, like some mad anatomist, has stripped the story to its pitiful bones. Eliminating Connie's earlier lovers, he introduces her looking distinctly out of sorts, being advised by both her father and husband to take a beau. One assumes at this stage, from the demeanour of the tall, rigid blonde who plays Connie (lock-jawed, stiff-necked, flop-armed, knock-kneed, splay-footed), that she is attempting a powerful if somewhat off-beat study in sexual frustration; but when it persists into the reign of Mellors, one realises that it is nothing but lack of the barest fundamentals of stage-worthiness. The action unfolds in a halting series of short scenes, against a cluttered gloom of tree-trunks, iron-grey rostra, slag-heaps, and flimsy drops intended to invoke baronial life at the Hall. I can think of few stories which could survive such treatment, least of all the frail doctrinaire edifice of *Lady C.*

But even supposing it were well done, what would we be left with? The core of the book, after all, is a sexual relationship, and sex on the stage is a singularly unrevealing activity; actors clutching and panting tell us nothing of states of mind, and we lack the marginal nudgings of Lawrence to point his puritan morals. One rather interesting consequence, however, is a decided shift of sympathy towards unmanned Sir Clifford. This is partly because we see him here, without the author's tendentious commentary, simply as a man maimed through no fault of his own, trying with considerable understanding and dignity to make the best of a bad job. And compared with the shrill, self-conscious couplings in the leafless wood nearby, his chess-playing womb-relationship with Mrs Bolton seems warm, true and positively thumping with life.

The whodunit is an essentially non-representational art-form, and *Guilty Party* (or spot-the-embezzler), at the St Martin's, operates on the principle that the greater your innocence the shiftier your behaviour. If you can accept this, as well as a stage groaning with dubious businessmen and a liberal supply of red herrings, it provides a harmlessly teasing evening.

Week-end Competition

No. 1,644 **Set by L. W. Bailey**

'Having wonderful time; lovely weather; wish you were here'. The identical clichés travel on innumerable picture postcards during these weeks. The usual prizes are offered for a message on a seaside picture postcard: from Oscar Wilde to Lord Alfred Douglas; Henry James to H. G. Wells; D. H. Lawrence to Middleton Murry; W. H. Auden to Stephen Spender; Noel Coward to Beatrice Lillie; or Evelyn Waugh to Randolph Churchill. Entries by 5 September.

Result of 1,641 **Set by Richard Bennett**

A local mayor, asked belatedly to speak at a Girls Grammar School Speech Day, apologised to his audience for having little to say at short notice. If he had been given the time, he said, he would have thought of something to tell them which they would always remember. Competitors are invited to suggest what it could have been.

Report

Evidently, imagination boggled. Whatever it was the mayor had on the tip of his tongue – it eluded our competitors. One had hoped some might seek inspiration with Mr Auden's prizegiving Orator, say, or in the delirious peroration Mr Amis gave to his Jim Dixon. Here, no doubt, strict space limits were inhibiting. Unfortunately – or perhaps consequently? – far too few inhibitions were felt about subject matter. Competitors rooted in the preconscious with more force than skill. They fell back too easily on the salacious and the risqué – and, indeed, the perverse (I counted no fewer than four sex changes; also a disconcerting profusion of yellow-haired golliwogs). Competitors forgot that while good dirty jokes may be good jokes, bad dirty jokes may be none at all. A pity.

Two guineas each to those printed.

Your headmistress has introduced me as a man of the world – an unusually apt description, as I hope will soon be clear, and one which makes me well qualified to offer you young ladies guidance and advice.

As the turning-point in my own career shows, one must be constantly alert for the unexpected. In this era of uncertainty – this Nuclear Age – who can tell what may fall out? And who knows what potentialities may be found within us?

When I was young, science was not a seriously regarded subject. The result was that I had still to learn the meaning of mutation when I went out into the world from this very School . . .

JAMES E. MILLAR

We are all proud of this historic old market town of ours, of which, if I may say so, your school is such an ornament. However, in our anxiety to preserve our traditions, we have, I fear, allowed ourselves to be misled as to what those traditions really are. A recently-discovered medieval manuscript has disclosed the true function of that popular tourist attraction known – slightly inaccurately – as 'The Old Bothy'.

As the trustees of your cultural heritage, the council have decided to restore the building to its original uses. To do this, we shall require the services of hostesses prepared to entertain wayfarers in a truly medieval spirit. Any girls leaving this term – not necessarily under a cloud – should, if interested, communicate with me as soon as possible.

MOLLY FITTON

Science Notebook

NIGEL CALDER

Every year at about this time, as the season of scientific conferences approaches its climax, I remember my scheme for starting a scientists' travel agency – Caldertravel Ltd. A percentage of the amount spent by scientists in going to international conferences would be well worth having. The agency would bring out a glossy brochure, offering (to take actual current examples) general science in Honolulu or Norwich, ergonomics in Stockholm, haematology or nuclear fusion in Vienna, statistics in Paris, a whole month of various neurological festivities in Rome – and dozens more. Part of the service would be advice on how to get governmental or charitable grants for expenses, whether or not to present a paper (and, if so, how choosy the organisers of a given conference are likely to be), the expected number of parties in the course of the conference, how effectively the Ladies' Programme will dispose of the scientists' wives, and so on.

If there appeared to be an unsatisfied demand – a number of municipal engineers, shall we say, anxious to visit Yugoslavia – nothing could be easier than to create new conferences. Indeed, over a period of time Caldertravel Ltd could exert a subtle but dominant influence over the course of science. One would have to go carefully, however: it is a matter of common observation that the number of western scientists at an international conference usually greatly exceeds the number of Soviet scientists, and if confer-

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ences continued to multiply indefinitely science in the West could be effectively brought to a standstill because its practitioners were rarely to be seen in their laboratories.

Given a sense of showmanship, one could seek deliberately to recapture some elements of the great conferences of the past. If you might never recreate the public collision between Darwin and the Church, at least you could try getting Sir Julian Huxley and the newly-restored Academician Lysenko on to the same rostrum. The big struggle for the leadership of theoretical physics was waged between Albert Einstein and Niels Bohr at the Solvay Conference of 1927 (Einstein lost), but there are new subjects and new intellects which have still to be tested. It will not be easy to repeat the tremendous release from secrecy that occurred at the 1955 atomic energy conference in Geneva; until, that is, the Soviet authorities allow their space technologists out of hiding.

More seriously, it is coming to be fairly widely recognised among non-hedonist scientists that there really must be some sort of rationalisation of international conferences. There is usually a good case for a *first* international conference on a new subject. Because growing points of science frequently lie in a no-man's land between established 'disciplines' and are spotted more or less simultaneously in a number of countries, what could be better than a conference to bring together scientists of different background and nationality, so that they meet one another (turning names in the literature into faces) and exchange ideas at an exciting moment of scientific history?

A first conference is usually a great success, and everyone decides to repeat it, and that is where the trouble starts: it becomes a race between disillusionment and the creation of a habit. Conferences can be remarkably futile. The participants may receive abstracts or even complete texts of the papers to be presented weeks in advance and then find themselves sitting hour after hour through the formal recitation of the papers with an amorphous programme so crowded that there is no time left for proper discussion.

Some organizers have wisely developed the rapporteur system whereby one respected man briefly reviews a number of papers, which are not read, and there is plenty of time for discussion. Nevertheless, the present idea of a conference has been thoroughly undermined by the race for priority – the scientist's acknowledgement that his ideas are probably not unique and that he must have it published as soon as possible before someone in Birmingham or Buenos Aires gets in first. The result is that there are few surprising disclosures at conferences – you have read it all in the scientific journals already. Indeed you may have heard the same paper by the same man at a conference a few months earlier.

Next slide, please. This shows a bottle of Scotch surrounded by a polyglot group of half a dozen scientists: the world leaders and brightest young men of an important new trend in research. Science, you can observe from their faces, is making progress at this little informal conference. Through the door behind them are several hundred others in formal session. The big meeting, cumbrous and rather dreary, has created the environment for the small meeting which really matters; and the scientists have not yet hit on a better way of arranging it.

City Lights

A STOCKBROKER

August: Stockbrokers idle, while the investor regards the market with the stare of a rabbit transfixed by an unexpected stoat. He hopes to recover his equilibrium by marching off to the moors and the beaches – leaving his fortune to dwindle behind him, and his broker to personal speculation, the lowest form of debauchery. These dog days, when investment advice goes not only unheeded, but for the most part unheard, lead one to reflect that while much is written about investment, little is said of that strange, traumatic being, the average investor.

He is a man who in private life and in other aspects of his public life may be prudent, courageous and wise, and yet whose most marked characteristics in this single capacity are greed, fear and brute ignorance. This may sound a harsh judgment but if one considers the everyday actions of investors, its truth becomes apparent.

Rumoured take-over stocks are the market's simplest psychological test which few are able to pass. A whisper in a smoking room has far more influence than the most reasoned dissertation. The failures stand out like the gaunt wrecks on the Goodwin Sands, and yet, day by day, undeterred, the adventurers come sailing blithely into shoal water, without the benefit of navigational aids. It is time the investor realised that to be given a tip is the equivalent of being handed the Black Spot. It is best to ignore the talks that are on, forget the news from the boardroom, and abandon the prospect of remarkable reward for not using your head – they are all dreams that start upon the sight and slowly, and expensively, fade away.

It is a commonplace that the successful investor runs his profits and cuts his losses. The average investor reverses this process: he is fearful for his profits and hopeful about his losses. If a man has to raise money from a portfolio consisting of eight good and two bad shares, he will almost invariably sell one of the good. He cannot accept that the probabilities lie in the good shares improving and the bad deteriorating further.

Another fixation of the average investor is anti-Americanism or 'I hate Wall Street'. This calcified opinion can take care of any trend. A bull market is a gambling hell, and a bear market is 1929 all over again. At this time there are many investors clutching British securities like rag dolls to their bosoms and watching their neighbours whooping it up on the other side of the Atlantic. It has not entered their heads that by the exercise of a little decision they could have been joining in the party.

One of the curses of a broker's life is the man who follows the progress of his investments on an hour-to-hour basis. He is invariably a pessimist and telephones each day as if to a hospital to inquire about a patient under heavy sedation and on the point of shuffling off. His reactions are geared to the most trivial of movements. Threepence off a 'blue chip'; out come the ashes, on goes the sackcloth. He is at his most ludicrous when one of his shares begins to show a material profit. He expects losses but he can hardly

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bear a gain. As the price rises his confidence in the company concerned progressively wanes. He casts doubts on the industry concerned, he requires constant reassurance about the quality of the management, and he finishes by doubling his money in the expectation of an imminent liquidation.

If a broker buys a stock which proves to be an outright success by doubling and redoubling in price, the average investor will not fail to mar this rare triumph. The broker will have to fight tooth-and-nail to prevent half his clientele from selling the stock long before the time of its greatest appreciation. He will be making money for people against their will, and the effort will eventually reduce him to desperation. This is highly corrosive to the temper. Yet far more annoying are those who insist upon holding a stock beyond its appointed time. For them it is not enough to ride the Derby winner past the post; they are to be seen fruitlessly lashing their mounts through Epsom High Street, and then wondering why their horses have fallen dead from exhaustion. These are the investors who develop a tendresse for a good stock as if it were a pretty woman capable only of pleasant surprises. It is an untoward intimacy, productive of disillusion.

The average investor deals in limits whether buying or selling, and usually in prices obtained from last week's newspapers. He should walk along the Embankment until he meets the man who tried to sell Ultramar at 103*s* when the best bid was 102*s* 6*d*, and was bankrupted three pounds lower down, still chewing the cud of indecision on his entire holding. When a share declines from its high the average man regards any suggested selling price below that high as an insult to his commercial accumen. No matter whether wars or economic crises develop, he has elevated that share into a sacred emblem. The market is full of these forlorn totem poles, testaments to those who in the past bowed sufficiently low for the elevated rear to receive the uncompromising boot. In the Stock Exchange there are no gods, only prices, and those who confuse the two suffer.

Contrary to general belief it is not the small man who aggravates a broker, it is the small mentality. It is this which makes a broker conclude that there are many who do not deserve to be in a position to invest money. Why do they behave like car drivers?

I think it is that investment for the private individual is using money without effort in the hope of making more. He is not willing to spend the necessary time giving to an undoubted art the benefit of his real ability. He only wants to make money, and this is not enough. He must contribute his personality, not obtrude his prejudices, and he must cease to regard his broker as a witch doctor, but not an expert. The relationship between broker and client is often faulty, and I do not think it is the broker who is to blame. Stockbroking is an undying enthusiasm to those who practise it. A broker derives the greatest pleasure from making money for others, and he is happiest when he is talking to those who have something to offer apart from their money. Fundamentally I believe that the average investor is contemptuous of the entire business of investment, and he shows it to his own disadvantage. He should reflect upon his errors. The process would show him a measure of profit.

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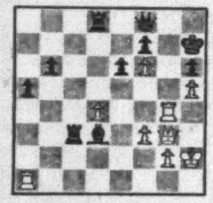
The Chess Board

No. 615. Postmortem Delayed

It is just about 57 years since, at Cambridge-Springs 1904, Janowski lost a most thrilling game to Marshall. Whether or not he ought to have won it is a question which has caused some recent and international controversy. Let's join it and look at the first 35 moves of that long and exciting struggle, to begin with.

1) d4, d5. 2) c4, e6; 3) Ktc3, c5 [Very popular at the time]; 4) e3, K:c6; 5) Ktf3, Ktf6; 6) a3, Kte4; 7) Bd3, Ktc3:; 8) bc:, Bd6; 9) O-O, O-O; 10) Qe2, Kta5; 11) e4, dc:; 12) Bc4:, Ktc4:; 13) Qc4:, Qc7; 14) Qd3, Bd7; 15) e5, Be7; 16) Ktg5, Bg5:; 17) Bg5:, Rfc8 [Countering the threat of Be7]; 18) Qg3 [Janowski now threatens a mating attack by Bf6 and Qg5], Kh8; 19) Rfe1, cd:; 20) cd:, Qc3; 21) Qf4, Kg8; 22) Rab1, b6; 23) h4 ["Neck or nothing" is Tartakower's comment], Qa3:; 24) h5, h6; 25) Bh4, Rc3; 26) Qg4, Rac8; 27) Kh2, Qf8; 28) Re4, Bc6; 29) Rf4, Kh7; 30) f3, Bd5; 31) Qg3, Bc4; 32) Ra1, a5; 33) Rg4, Bd3 34) Bf6! ["Now or never" is Tartakower's comment, for the next Bishop-move would drive the Rook from the g-file], gf:, 35) ef:, Rd8 [The idea being to counter the threat of Rg7† and Qf4 by . . . Qd6]:



This is the controversial position in which (as claimed by Dr. Alles and others) White could have won by 36) Qe1. We'll see about that, but first let's look at the actual game after.

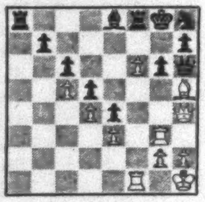
36) Re1, Kh8; 37) Re5 [This move has been praised as well as blamed; the objectors claiming that Janowski could have won by 37) Qf4 followed by Rg7, while using Re5 only as a counter to Black's . . . Kd6. The answer to this argument would seem to be that 37) Qf4 can be countered by . . . Rd5 and the threat of . . . Rh5:†], Bf5; 38) Rg7, Rd4: [He seems to have weathered the storm, but the game is far from over]; 39) Rb5, Rcc4 [threatening a nasty check]; 40) Qe5 [So as to give the K a loophole at g3], Qd6; 41) g4, Qe5:†; 42) Re5:, Bg4:!; 43) fg:, Rc2†! [Much the best, the idea being to swop White's operative Rook rather than the one so menacingly imprisoned]; 44) Kg3, Rd3†; 45) Kf4, Rc4†; 46) Re4, Re4:†; 47) Ke4:, Rd7 [It seems all over, but Janowski still has some tricks up his sleeve]; 48) Kf4, a4; 49) g5, hg:†; 50) Kg5:, a3; 51) Kh6!, Ra7! [Countering the threat of perpetual]; 52) Rh7†, Kg8; 53) Rg7†, Kf8; 54) Kh7, Ke8; 55) Kg8, a2; 56) h6, a1(Q); 57) h7, Qf6:; and Black now inevitably won, even though it still took nearly 20 moves to prove it. He could have speeded up matters by . . . Ra8!; 58) Rf7:, Qg1†; 59) Rg7, Qg7:†; 60) Kg7:! (fg:?), Ra7†, followed by . . . Rh7: etc.

Now back to the diagram and the claim that 36) Qe1, threatening the R and thereby gaining the vital tempo for 37) Qe3 would have won. It seems potent enough, but Brinckmann and others have provided an equally potent antidote.

36) Qe1, Rcc8!; 37) Rg7† [Probably better than Qe3 which might be countered by . . . Bg6], Qg7:!; 38) fg:/Rd4:; 39) Qe3, Rd5; 40) g4, Kg7:; 41) Qb6:, Rcc5; with a lot of play left, but with Black certainly not having the worst of it.

In fairness to the indomitable loser of that game the 4-pointer for beginners shows him triumphant. How then did White force the win very neatly and quickly? For 6 and 7 ladder-points both **B** and **C** are wins, both witty no less than subtle, and not too difficult either. Usual prizes. Entries by 4 September.

A: D. Janowski



B: A. Hufendiek: /8/5p2/4pP1P/8/1p6/2PK4/pP2P3/k7/.

C: A. A. Troitzky 1897: /4B3/8/6Kt1/5p2/1r4p1/6pk/7b/4K2Q/.

REPORT on No. 612. Set 4 August

A: 4) Ka2??, Kb4; 5) Ka1, Ka3; 6) Rb1, Ra2 mate; or 5) Kb1, Kc3; 6) Ra2, Rg1 mate.

B: White mates by 1) Qa4†, Kc1; 2) Rh1†, Qd1; 3) Rd1:†, Rd1:; 4) Qa1†, Rb1; 5) Ktb3 mate. Black: Rf2:†, Kf2:; 2) Kc1†, Be2; 3) Qe2:†, Kg1; 4) Qd1†, Be1; 5) Qe1:

C: 1) e4, e5; 2) Ke2, Ke7; 3) Ke3, Ke6; 4) Qf3, Qf6; 5) Kte2, Kte7; 6) b3, b6; 7) Ba3, Ba6; 8) Ktd4†, ed: mate.

D: 1) Kg2, Ktf2; 2) Qh2†, Kth3; 3) Kf3, Kh4; 4) Ke4, Kh5; 5) Kf5, Kh4; 6) Kf6, Kh5; 7) Kg7, Kh4; 8) Kh8, Kh5; 9) Rg8, Kh4; 10) Be7†, Kh5; 11) Qe2†, Kh6; 12) Bg5†, Ktg5:; 13) Ktf7†, Ktf7: mate or 1) . . . Ktg3; 2) Qf3†, Kh4; 3) Qf6†, Kh5; 4) Rg5†, Kh4; 5) Qh6†, Kth5; 6) Kh1, Kh3; 7) Rg1, Kh4 8) Ktd3, Kh3; 9) Qe6†, Kh4; 10) Be7†, Ktf6; 11) Qe2, Kh3; 12) Qg4†, Ktg4:; 13) Ktf2†, Ktf2: mate.

E: 1) Bg5!, b3; 2) Rd2†, Ka1; 3) f7! (Be3?), Rg5:; 4) f8(Q), Rg1†; 5) Rd1, Rg2; 6) Qa3†, Ra2; 7) Rd2!, Ra3:; 8) Rb2, Ra2; 9) Rb1 mate.

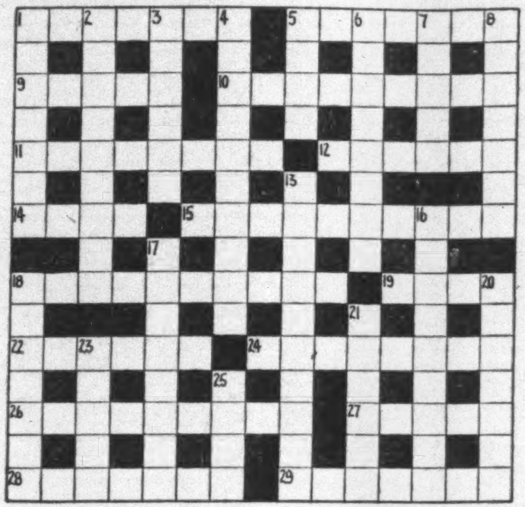
F: 1) Qa8†!, Ka8:; 2) Kc7:, Ktb7; 3) d8(Q)†, Ktd8:; 4) Kc8, Kte6; 5) a5, Ktf6; stalemate.

Quite a job. Prizes: E A. Barclay-Smith, D. E. Cohen, R. C. Chaturvedi.

ASSIAC

Week-end Crossword 472

Prizes: Three book tokens of 15s. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 472, New Statesman, Great Turnstile, London, WC1, by first post 5 September.



ACROSS

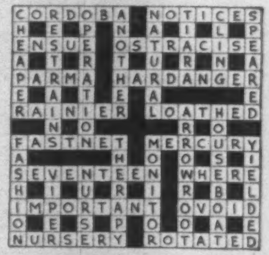
1. Be terrified about the symbol of cowardice (7).
5. Place which in the end has an irritation before morning (7).
9. Rain in the East or Midlands (5).
10. Greek who turns dames pale (9).
11. Smeared with a double bed (8).
12. Involve having irregulars in the back rank (6).
14. The bird in the other nest (4).
15. Holiday resort which makes the Latin happy before school (10).
18. Various routes in which to make repairs is awe-inspiring (10).
19. 'The crown o' the earth doth —— ' (*Antony & Cleopatra*) (4).
22. Busy starting with the fourth part of the play (6).
24. Be cautious as one entering a masculine community? (8).
26. Abridged publications man copied wrongly (9).
27. Turn for Oliver (5).
28. Perhaps not hers to cut (7).
29. The leader just about fled from captivity (7).

DOWN

1. Can be joined if blues are mixed (7).
2. Archer in a manner of speaking for evasion (9).
3. Sweet pretence (6).
4. Shows disapproval when the theatre closes down about the start of rehearsals (10).
5. Llareggub's wood (4).
6. A girl holds the last word for gentleness (8).
7. With a hardy make-up it survives decapitation (5).
8. Wine for a French girl under the doctors (7).
13. Tiny sailor on watch (10).
16. Speech about physical education activity (9).
17. Competes in heat, but not light (8).
18. The disturbed can rest in sleepy conditions (7).
20. Support which makes others liberal in note (7).
21. The playwright is one who produces books without right (6).
23. A short work encountered rising in speed (5).
25. Alias Avon (4).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 470



PRIZEWINNERS TO NO. 470

Lady Cash (Ashbury)
C. F. Reed (New York)
G. Moult (London SE3)

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS cost 6s. per line (average six words), minimum two lines. Box number 2s. 6d. Prepayment essential. Semi-display giving greater prominence 90s. per inch. Copy by Tuesday first post. New Statesman, Great Turnstile, London, WC1. Telephone HOLborn 8471.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT

UNIVERSITY OF GHANA
DEPARTMENT OF SOCIOLOGY

Applications are invited for (a) SENIOR LECTURER or LECTURER with special interest in social anthropology and experience and interests in Africa, and (b) SENIOR RESEARCH FELLOW or RESEARCH FELLOW particularly competent in advanced research methods, including statistical techniques and with interest in problems of economic development and social change.

Salaries: Senior Lecturer and Senior Research Fellow: Ghanaians: £G1,750 x £G75 – £G2,200; non-Ghanaians: £G2,100 x £G90 – £G2,640. Lecturer or Research Fellow: Ghanaians: £G1,050 x £G50 – £G1,400 x £G75 – £G1,850; £G1,900; non-Ghanaians: £G1,260 x £G50 – £G1,680 x £G90 – £G2,220; £G2,280. Entry at appropriate position. Appointment normally five years in first instance.

Outfit allowance £G60. Car allowance £G150 p.a. Family allowance for non-Ghanaians for each child in West Africa £G50 p.a. or, if under age of 21 and being educated outside West Africa, £G100 p.a. (maximum 5 children). Part furnished accommodation at charge not exceeding 7.5% of salary. FSSU policies maintained if already held, or superannuation on similar basis.

Passages for appointee and family on appointment and normal termination. Annual leave with 3 overseas return passages in every 4 years for non-Ghanaians and one every three years for Ghanaians.

Applications (six copies) with full details of qualifications, experience, etc., and naming three referees to be sent before 25 September 1961 to the Assistant Registrar (London), University of Ghana, 15 Gordon Square, London, WC1, from whom further information may be obtained.

SURREY COUNTY LIBRARY
BANSTEAD URBAN DISTRICT
SENIOR LIBRARY ASSISTANT GRADE APT I or II

Chartered Librarians who would like to work in an expanding library service in an attractive locality are invited to apply for the post of a SENIOR ASSISTANT for the new Central Library opening in September 1961. Salary Grade APT II for Chartered Librarians: APT I for Registration Examination. Plus London Weighting in each case. Consideration may also be given to part-qualified persons, whose salary would be Clerical Division Grade I (Plus London Weighting). Particulars and application form from Clerk of the Council, The Council House, Brighton Road, Banstead, Surrey. Closing date: 4 September 1961.

SHORTHAND-typists. Temporary. 10-5 p.m. £12. MUSeum 6858.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

UNIVERSITY OF GHANA

Applications are invited for the CHAIR OF SOCIOLOGY. Secondment for a reasonable period also considered. The Professor, besides administering the department, will have to undertake most of the teaching in Social Theory and Comparative Institutions.

Salary: Ghanaian £G2,600 p.a.; non-Ghanaian £G3,000 p.a.

Appointment normally five years in first instance. Outfit allowance £G60. Car allowance £G150 p.a. Family allowance for non-Ghanaians for each child in West Africa £G50 p.a. or, if under age of 21 and receiving education outside West Africa, £G100 p.a. (maximum five children). Part furnished accommodation at charge not exceeding 7.5% of salary. FSSU policies maintained if already held, or superannuation on similar basis.

Passages for appointee and family on appointment and normal termination. Annual leave with 3 overseas return passages in every 4 years for non-Ghanaian and one every other year for Ghanaian.

Applications (six copies) with full details of qualifications, experience, etc. and naming three referees to be sent before 25 September 1961 to the Assistant Registrar (London), University of Ghana, 15 Gordon Square, London, WC1, from whom further information may be obtained.

RESEARCH ON DESIGNING FOR THE DISABLED

The Polio Research Fund in association with the Royal Institute of British Architects, offers a research scholarship for studying the design of equipment, fittings and buildings for the disabled. It is open to architects and will be tenable at the Architectural Association School of Architecture, London. Applicants should be capable of a flexible approach and possess analytical and methodical minds. Specialist advice will be available and there will be the possibility of travel. The period of tenure is expected to be two years. The salary range will be £1,250-2,500 p.a., depending upon age, ability and experience. Interested architects should apply in writing to the Secretary, Royal Institute of British Architects, 66 Portland Place, London, W1, by 8 September 1961, giving details of previous work and present vocational interests.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

COMMISSION FOR THE NEW TOWNS
SECRETARY AND FINANCE OFFICER

The Commission for the New Towns which will come into being on 1 October 1961 will require a Secretary and a Finance Officer. There will be a contributory pension scheme.

The Secretary will be the chief executive officer of the Commission which is charged with taking over, holding, managing and turning to account the property now vested in Development Corporations. The post will demand organising and administrative ability of a high order. Salary £5,000; a higher figure would be considered if warranted by exceptional experience and qualifications.

Applicants for the post of Finance Officer should be Chartered Municipal Treasurers, Chartered or Incorporated Accountants or certified Corporate Accountants, or have equivalent qualifications, and should have a wide and varied experience in commerce or in public service. Salary £4,000; again a higher figure would be considered if warranted.

Applications giving date of birth, education, qualifications and experience should be addressed not later than 15 September to the Chairman-designate, Commission for the New Towns, c/o The Ministry of Housing and Local Government, Whitehall, SW1.

HERTFORDSHIRE CHILD GUIDANCE SERVICE
FULL-TIME AND PART-TIME PSYCHIATRIC SOCIAL WORKERS

required for this long-established and expanding Service. Large establishment with opportunities for working in different teams, analytically orientated. There are seven branch clinics, largely autonomous, with co-ordination at parent clinic at Hill End. Emphasis is on treatment and opportunities given to develop special interests. Excellent liaison with other social services and active social worker groups in the county. Accommodation available in St Albans. Whitley Council salary and conditions. Travel allowance, if own car.

Applications stating age, qualifications and experience and naming two referees to the Medical Director, Mill End Clinic, Orchard Gate, St Albans, Herts.

LONDON COUNTY COUNCIL
ASSISTANT MATRON

required at

WOOD VALE, ELDER ROAD, SE27

a short stay reception home, for 174 children aged 8-15 years, admitted to the care of the Council through the Courts. Although the assistant matron is primarily concerned with domestic administration, it is important that she has a sympathetic understanding of children deprived of a normal home life. IMA diploma and/or Home Office Certificate advantageous. Well-furnished accommodation. Five weeks leave including Bank Holidays. £700-£800, less £141 for board, lodging and laundry (plus £30 for Home Office Certificate). Form and particulars from Children's Officer, (SDO/N/2261/8), County Hall, SE1.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

GRANADA TV

is looking for somebody to take charge of

SCREEN PROMOTION

in Manchester. He should have experience of layout, design, copywriting and in addition must have enthusiasm and imagination. Attractive salary and conditions for the right applicant. 5-day week. Generous Pension and Dependants Insurance arrangements. Applicants should write giving a short biography to Norman Price, Personnel Manager, Granada TV Network Limited, Manchester, 3.

ASSISTANT EDITOR

for National Professional Weekly

Applications are invited for the post of Assistant Editor of 'The SCHOOLMASTER and Woman Teacher's Chronicle', official weekly journal of the National Union of Teachers. Good journalistic experience essential. Knowledge of modern educational ideas and practice desirable. The journal has a paid circulation and sales are through the distributing (newsagents) trade.

The Assistant Editor will undertake general editorial duties, with a variety of writing responsibilities and will deputise for the Editor when necessary. Salary up to £1,350 per annum according to experience. Contributory Superannuation Scheme.

The editorial staff are aware of this advertisement.

Applications, with full particulars of age, experience, etc. endorsed Assistant Editor, should be sent to The Secretary, The Schoolmaster Publishing Co. Ltd, Hamilton House, Hastings Street, London, WC1 not later than 8 September.

CITY OF YORK
YORK MENTAL HEALTH SERVICE

There is a vacancy for a Social Worker in the York Mental Health Service. Appointment for one or two years.

Salary in accordance with the Whitley Council Health Services salary scale for Social Workers.

This post offers useful practical experience to persons holding the Social Science Diploma or equivalent qualification, and intending to take further training in social case-work. Applications stating age, qualifications, experience and the names of two referees, to be submitted to the Medical Officer of Health, 9 St Leonard's Place, York, forthwith. T. C. Benfield, Town Clerk.

DO YOU WANT A PART-TIME JOB?

BAILLIERE, TINDALL & COX LTD, 8 Henrietta St, WC2. (Nr Charing Cross). Old-established medical & veterinary publishers req. a part-time female clerk for general office duties. 9-12 or 9-1, no Sats. Rate 4s. per hour. Phone TEMple Bar 3386.

ADVISER with knowledge of Income Tax required for advice bureau of National Newspaper. 5-day week. Wages £12 14s. 6d. Apply Box 5213.

EAST SUSSEX EDUCATION COMMITTEE

CHILD GUIDANCE SERVICE

Applications are invited for the post of **PSYCHIATRIC SOCIAL WORKER** for the **HOVE** and **BEXHILL** Child Guidance Clinics. Candidates should hold the Mental Health Certificate of a recognised training course. Salary in accordance with the Whitley Council Professional and Technical Council 'A' Scale.

Further particulars and application forms, which should be returned as soon as possible, obtainable from Chief Education Officer, County Hall, Lewes.

SOMERSET COUNTY COUNCIL

CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT

Applications are invited from suitably qualified persons for the post of Assistant Children's Officer (Child Care). The salary is in accordance with APT IV. The officer appointed will act as a senior case work consultant in the Department, and experience of case work supervision is essential. Further details may be obtained from the Children's Officer, County Hall, Taunton.

VICTORIA University of Wellington, New Zealand. Lecturer in Political Science. Applications are invited from suitably qualified persons for the above-mentioned post. The salary will be £1,250 per annum, rising to £1,700 per annum. The initial salary will be determined according to the qualifications and experience of the appointee. Approved fares to Wellington will be allowed for the appointee, his wife and his dependent children; in addition, actual removal expenses will be allowed within specified limits. Further particulars and information as to the method of application should be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, (Branch Office), Pall Mall, London, SW1. Applications close, in New Zealand and London, on 16 October 1961.

UNIVERSITY of Sydney. Lectureship in Philosophy. Applications are invited for the above-mentioned position. The salary for a Lecturer is within the range £A1,730 x 105 - £2,435 per annum, plus cost of living adjustments (at present £A49 p.a.) and will be subject to deductions under the State Superannuation Act. The commencing salary will be fixed according to the qualifications and experience of the successful applicant. Under the Staff Members' Housing Scheme in cases approved by the University and its Bankers, married men may be assisted by loans to purchase a house. Further particulars and information as to the method of application should be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, (Branch Office), Marlborough House, Pall Hall, London, SW1. Applications close, in Australia and London, on 6 October 1961.

CROYDON (Solicitors). Competent managing assistant (admitted/unadmitted) reqd. Busy office. Good salary. Partnership considered for right man. Apply Garber Vowles & Co., 16 Wellesley Road, Croydon. CRO. 8688.

THE University of Manchester. Applications are invited for the post of Assistant Lecturer in the History of Art. Candidates should be University graduates with experience in the field of textiles. The successful applicant will primarily be concerned not only with lecturing on the history of textiles, but with all aspects of administration, display and organisation for study purposes of the large existing collection of historical textiles in the Whitworth Art Gallery, and with the expansion of these collections into the field of modern and contemporary textiles, since the aim of the appointment is to further the creation of a comprehensive re-organisation of the Gallery, an unusual and exciting prospect with full opportunities for academic promotion is open to a candidate with drive and imagination. Salary scale: £800 to £950 per annum. Membership of FSSU and Children's Allowance Scheme. Applications should be sent not later than 11 September 1961, to the Registrar, the University, Manchester, 13, from whom further particulars and forms of application may be obtained.

THE University of Liverpool. Applications are invited for two Senior Research Assistants for the University research project on the prescribing of drugs by doctors and the distribution of products by drug houses. Preference will be given to candidates qualified in medicine, psychology or sociology. The appointment will be for two years, and the initial salary will be £1,200 per annum. Applications quoting Reference CV/NS, stating age, academic qualifications and experience, together with the names of two referees, should be received not later than 16 September 1961, by the Registrar, from whom further particulars may be obtained.

THE University of Manchester. Applications are invited for two posts of Lecturer in Town and Country Planning. Applicants must be graduates in Planning or in an allied subject and be corporate members of the Town Planning Institute. Salary on a scale £1,050 to £1,850 per annum with membership of the FSSU and Children's Allowance Scheme; initial salary according to qualifications and practical experience. Applications should be sent not later than 30 September 1961, to the Registrar, the University, Manchester, 13, from whom further particulars and forms of application may be obtained.

FITZWILLIAM Museum, Cambridge. Applications are invited for the post of Junior Assistant Keeper in the Department of Ceramics and Applied Arts. Stipend according to qualifications on the scale £800 to £1,550 (by £50 to £1,400, then by £75), with contributory pension under FSSU and family allowance. The duties will be mainly concerned with ceramics, but some knowledge of sculpture, textiles, furniture and silver is desirable. Candidates, not older than 40 years, must possess a University degree or other qualifications appropriate for a graduate post. Seven copies of applications, stating age, qualifications, and giving the names of not more than three referees, should reach the Director, from whom further information may be obtained, by 30 September 1961.

WARDEN (young married) required for Home for about 14 Jewish boys over 11. Direct route City and West End. Husband can follow own occupation, wife to be in charge household. Resident Cook and Dailies. Suitable for Teacher, Communal or Social Worker. Apply B.5. Jewish Board of Guardians, 74a Charlotte St, W1.

Teachers—you have better pay and prospects in the R.A.F.

It is hard to imagine a more varied teaching career than that which the R.A.F. has to offer. An Education Officer may teach general subjects at R.A.F. stations at home or abroad, or give more specialised instruction up to degree standard at R.A.F. Colleges and Schools. Selected officers receive post-graduate training in electronics, aerodynamics and guided weapon theory.

The main requirement is for men and women under 39, with degrees in mathematics, science or engineering, or good technological qualifications and experience. A few vacancies exist for Arts graduates and for those qualified teachers, recognised by the Ministry of Education, who have specialised in the teaching of mathematics or science. Service is normally for 16 years leading to a pension of at least £455 a year and a minimum tax-free gratuity of £1,365. There are also shorter terms of service offering a tax-free gratuity. R.A.F. service qualifies for Burnham increments. You can be provisionally selected up to 12 months before you qualify.

Write for further information, giving your date of birth and qualifications to:—

Air Ministry (M.9) (YX 813), Adastral House, London, W.C.1.

BBC requires Programme Assistants for Swahili Section, African Service to work on preparation and broadcasting of programmes in Swahili and English. Candidates must speak and write Swahili as their first language at highest standard and have School Certificate or GCE 'O' Level in English. Preference given to University graduates. Duties include translation from English into Swahili, original writing, and presentation of programmes at microphone in English and Swahili. Good broadcasting voice essential, previous broadcasting experience unnecessary. Selected candidates to take voice and translation tests. Appointment for up to three years. Salary £1,225 p.a. fixed with prospects of promotion. Requests for application forms (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting reference 61.G.385 N.Stm) should reach Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W1, within five days.

BBC requires Arabic/French Monitor, at Caversham, near Reading. Duties include listening to and selective reporting of contents of news and other broadcasts from abroad. Thorough knowledge of classical Arabic and of French, perfect hearing, good grasp of world affairs, ability to type and to translate into good English essential. Shortlisted candidates will be asked to undergo tests. Starting salary £1,060 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) with promotion to salary range £1,230-£1,555 p.a. when fully proficient. Requests for application forms (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting reference 61.G.378 N. Stm.) should reach Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W1, within five days.

GOVERNMENT Social Survey. The Social Survey Division of the Central Office of Information require women supervisors to assist with their interviewer training programmes and to supervise field work. Applicants must have had considerable experience of interviewing members of the public or have some qualifications in social work or social administration. Applicants selected will be given basic training in Social Survey interviewing methods and they must be prepared to travel frequently to any part of the country. The posts are graded Assistant Information Officer (unestablished), starting salary according to experience and qualifications rising to a maximum of £1,214. Write, giving age, full details of exp. and quals. to Manager (PE.765/PD), Ministry of Labour, Professional & Executive Register, Atlantic House, Farringdon Street, London, EC4.

CENTRAL Office of Information requires a Senior Information Officer (unestablished) to write reference information papers on international affairs and to supervise the work of others similarly engaged. Qualifications required are an honours degree (preferably in history), research experience and the ability to present factual information concisely and accurately. Applicants should be prepared to supply examples of written work if required. Salary £1,573-£1,937. Write, giving age, full details of exp. and quals. to Manager (PE.2030), Ministry of Labour, Professional & Executive Register, Atlantic House, Farringdon Street, London, EC4.

LONDON County Council. Experienced Social Worker required for joint appointment as local tuberculosis care organiser at chest clinics at St Giles' Hospital, SE5 and St Francis Hospital, SE22. Must possess Certificate of Institute of Hospital Almoners or recognised social science certificate. £754 (at age 24 years)-£994, commencing according to qualifications and experience. Married women eligible. Medico-social duties with some secretarial work arising from administration of local voluntary funds for benefit of patients. Form from Divisional Medical Officer, (D.1/N/2350/8), 29 Peckham Road, SE5. Closing date 6 September.

LONDON County Council. Public Health Department. Prevention of Venereal Disease. Applications invited from women to work as Welfare Officer in first instance at newly established hospital VD clinic in E9 for 5 half-days a week to attend VD clinic sessions and follow up defaulters. Social science qualifications desirable but not essential. Annual salary scale £342 15s.-£451 17s. commencing point according to qualifications and experience. Holiday and sick pay scheme. Details and application form from Medical Officer of Health, (D.1/N/2349/8), County Hall, SE1. Closing date 11 September.

LONDON County Council. Architect's Department. Vacancy in the Town Planning Division for statistical officer. Town planning experience desirable but not essential. Salary on scale £1,500-£1,700 according to qualifications and experience. Duties include research from prime sources in connection with land use, population, housing densities, employment and traffic, and the interpretation and application of statistics to the solution of town planning problems including liaison with computer installation. Application form and partics, returnable by 11 Sept. 1961, from Hubert Bennett, FRIBA, Architect to the Council, (EK/N/2372/8), County Hall, SE1.

HOUSEPARENTS required young adult spastic centre, full social life, congenial surroundings, salary scales £475 to £600 less £120 value of emoluments. Apply Warden, Coombe Farm, Residential Centre, Oakes Road, Croydon.

LONDON County Council. Architect's Department. Town Development Division. This Division, newly formed to plan and build in towns throughout south-eastern England, has vacancy for a planner with initiative and experience of planning administration, and able to direct planning analysis and research. Qualifications in either B.Sc. (Estate Management), AMTPI, or equivalent. Salary up to £1,700. Form and partics, returnable by 16 Sept. 1961, from Hubert Bennett, FRIBA, Architect to Council, (EK/N/2396/8), County Hall, SE1.

MIDDLESEX County Council - County Health Dept. Psychiatric Social Workers required for skilled casework in community care services. Part-time psychiatric social workers considered. Work is developing in scope and individual interest in various aspects of social treatment is encouraged. More experienced psychiatric social workers have opportunity of learning teaching methods & group supervision. Establishment of 10 psychiatric social workers and County Psychiatric Social Work Organiser. Casework consultation with experienced psychiatric social workers available for newly qualified. PTA quals and salary. Car allowance payable. Prescribed conditions. Particulars and 2 referees to County Medical Officer, Ref 'S', 3, 5 and 7 Old Queen Street, SW1, by 8 September. (Quote H.69 NS).

MIDDLESEX County Council - Welfare Dept. Homework Organiser reqd in Area 9 (Southall, Brentford & Chiswick & Heston & Isleworth) to seek work from commercial concerns for handicapped persons (other than blind) at home or at a Centre & to assist with & supervise work generally. Car allowance. Salary APT I £685-£855 (if 26 yrs or over). Prescribed conditions. Further particulars from Chief Welfare Officer, 1 Queen Anne's Gate Buildings, Dartmouth Street, SW1, by 1 September. (Quote H.129 NS).

TEACHER English to foreigners required immediately. Graduate. Experienced Camb. Exams. Full/part-time. Permanent post. GER. 8782 (Week-end MOU. 4100).

KENYA. The YWCA of Kenya have an immediate vacancy for Warden to take charge of their Nairobi Hostel and act as Colony Hostel Adviser. Candidates should have had previous experience in Administration and the running of Hostels or similar Institutions and be interested in the Welfare of girls and young women of all races. One month's leave p.a. 3 month's leave on full pay on termination of contract. Salary according to experience, from £425 to £550 p.a., full board and accommodation which includes a small flat. A three year contract is offered and return air passage paid. Write Personnel, 108 Baker Street, W1.

INSTITUTE of Personnel Management has a vacancy for a Student Training and Examination Secretary (woman). The work includes training and careers advice, co-operation with university and technical college staffs, arrangement of practical training for student members, and administration of the Institute's examination. Preference will be given to candidates with training or experience in personnel management. Salary range £650-£900. Position on scale on appointment will be related to qualifications and experience. Applications should be sent to the Secretary, Institute of Personnel Management, 80 Fetter Lane, EC4

DESIGNER/Typographer for book publishing. Preferably ex Central, RCA, LSP, with experience in advertising or design group. Position of Art Editor demands collaboration at a high level. Applicants should have a good knowledge of the mechanics of book production and reproduction. State details of education and experience. Box 5272.

ASSISTANT Housemaster (non-teaching) required in a Surrey Boarding School to work with senior boys. To commence September. Write Box 347, Reynells, 44 Chancery Lane, WC2.

NATIONAL Union of Townswomen's Guilds have vacancy for full-time Organiser (woman) for South East England. Primary function formation new Guilds. Experience Committee procedure, public speaking. Start early October. Appln forms and dets from Sec., 2 Cromwell Place, SW7.

PUBLISHER'S Production Dept. Production man to supervise preparation of illustrated books. Applicant must have solid experience scheduling books; working with editors and designers; liaison with printers; knowledge of all printing methods essential. Box 5271.

ENGLISH Master wanted for French boarding school near Chantilly. Good grasp of spoken French essential. Year begins 15 September. Time allowed for study in Paris (easy access). Apply Box 5200.

EDUCATED young man with creative ability, good colour sense and knowledge of art reqd to train for studio management leading to possible partnership with Robert Sielle, consultant designer and maker of frames for works of art, who is extending and rebuilding: 21 St Alban's Grove, W8. WES. 4957.

LEADING London technical and scientific book publishers seek capable Editorial Assistant. Varied subjects. 5-day week. Please write age, experience and present salary: Box 5273.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

APPLICATIONS are invited for the joint appointment of Manager & Manageress (man & wife) of The Northern Lantern Hotel (unlicensed), Lytham St Annes, for polio-disabled visitors (accommodation for 28). Joint salary by arrangement, plus own quarters (unfurnished). No accommodation for children. Applicants must have good personality and genuine interest in promoting holiday atmosphere. Essential experience: Food purchases, stock control, catering, control of menus, linen, kitchen and domestic staff, hotel bookings, monthly returns, wages, practical knowledge of repairs and maintenance of equipment, property, boiler plant and grounds etc. Previous hotel appointment (in care of disabled an advantage) or similar, essential. Applications, stating respective ages, education, qualifications, present and previous employment, together with copies of two recent testimonials to: The General Secretary, The Infantile Paralysis Fellowship, Rugby Chambers, Gt James Street, London, WC1, not later than 18 September 1961.

BOOK-KEEPER (experienced) required by City importers. Capable of taking charge of small office. Salary according to age and experience. Good prospects for right person. Mr Pinner, Import Development Ltd, 7-9 Pilgrim Street, Ludgate Hill, London, EC4. (CIT. 8491/2).

FINNISH Designs: Showroom Assistant. Textiles, glass and furniture. Previous experience preferred. Permanent. 9-5.30, Saturdays 9-1. Please ring TRAfalgar 1188.

COFFEE Bar attendant required. Mermaid Theatre, CITy 6981.

SECRETARY willing to teach shorthand wanted by expanding West End school – must be adaptable and good organiser. Part or full-time. Good starting salary. No Saturdays. Box 5170.

LADY assistants reqd for book and gramophone record depts. Luncheon vouchers. Wyman & Sons Ltd, Booksellers & Stationers, 50 Cheapside, EC2. CIT. 5315.

YOUNG sec. reqd for enthralling job with West End theatrical & literary agency. Sal. £11. Excel. prospects. Apply Portman Bureau, 78 George St, W1. WEL. 4559.

DESIGN Research Unit has immediate vacancy for young girl (19/21) as Receptionist and for general office duties. Pleasant personality and ability to type essential. Apply in writing to: Business Manager, DRU, 37 Duke St, London, W1.

TRANSLATION Agency requires responsible part-time assistant. Typing, answering telephone. Some knowledge one or more languages essential. Box 5144.

MATERNITY Almoner requires personal secretary on 1 September. Age 25-35. Duties include interviewing patients. Starting salary £515 p.a. rising to £680 p.a. plus London Weighting. Applications to Administrative Assistant, University College Hospital, Gower Street, WC1.

NATIONAL Marriage Guidance Council have vacancy for Shorthand Typist. Interesting work in friendly office. Hours 9-5, no Sats. Starting salary £10 10s. p.w. Optional pension scheme. Three weeks annual holiday. Applications to Office Secretary, 58 Queen Anne Street, W1.

THE Better job for the Better girl. From Mayfair Staff Selection Bureau, 5a Princes Street, Hanover Square, W1 (opp. Dickins & Jones). HYD. 6471.

MEDICAL Secretaries & Receptionists urgently required for Doctors and Hospitals. Perm. & temp. M. & S. Agency. 32 Queen Victoria St, EC4. CITy 7131

COPY-typists: temporary. 10-5 p.m. 10 guineas. MUSeum 6858.

LYNDON Johnson back in America, but Winifred Johnson (Office Staff Bureau) still in Holborn at No. 114, next door to Gamages. HOLborn 0390.

VIGOROUS young woman offered happy home and up to £4 a week for helping Mum all chores incl. morning Nursery School. Shewell, Great Ayton, Yorks.

HOUSEKEEPER to live as one of family, nationality immaterial, for prof. cple, 2 chldrn. Essex, 12 mls London. Box 5175.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

YOUNG Socialist, 25, tired of industrial rat race, seeks post compatible with principles. Qual. GCE 'A' Level; deep interests: world affairs, social sciences, fine arts. Writer. Box 5037.

FRIENDLY hard-working young woman (ex WRNS officer) home/overseas exper. personnel, staff control and office records, seeks really responsible position, personnel, PR, or other interesting field. Box 5133.

STUDENT (22 yrs, f.) NDD in illustration 2 yrs American Univ., extensive knowledge French & Music, good handwriting, creative writer; sks full-time work. Box 5145

KEEN young man, 22, seeks position publishing or any opening where literary ability, journalistic training and experience could be of value. Box 5134.

AFRICAN desires post. Pharmacy Certificate apprenticeship. Box 5209.

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

NO Case for a Freeze; Wages and the Common Market; Labour Research, 1s. 2d. p.f. 161 Drury Lane, WC2.

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS—continued

THE Painter & Sculptor (editor Patrick Hayman), Summer issue just out, price 2s. 6d., includes 'Picasso: Myth and Reality' by Alfred Werner; and other illustrated, documentary accounts of artists' work. Good newsagents, or direct – single copy 2s. 10d. post free, yearly subscription 11s. 4d. – from: 7 Montserrat Road, SW15.

THE European Bookshop opens Monday, 4 September, at 127 Regent Street, W1.

TAKING up Russian this year? You'll need a good cheap dictionary like the Akhmanova Russian/English, 6s., and English/Russian 6s. (p. 9d. ea.). Get your grammars and readers now in case stocks run out. Collet's Russian Bookshop (N18), 44/45 Museum Street, London, WC1 or through your bookseller.

THE High Hill Bookshop is now at No. 6 Hampstead High Street (6 doors below old premises) with more space and books. Approx. 2,250 paperback titles in stock. HAM. 2218.

BOOKS. Write for interesting list of secondhand bargains on Painting, Sculpture, etc. Rialto Books, 65 Broadwick St, London, W1.

GERMAN books bought & sold. Libris, 38a Boundary Rd, NW8. MAI. 3030.

PERSONAL attention to overseas orders all types of books. Poole-Bickford, 22 Buckingham St, Strand, London, WC2.

LIBRARIES bought: politics, economics, world affairs. We collect. RIV. 6807. The Hammersmith Bookshop, London, W6

TYPING AND TRANSLATIONS

DUPLCTG/Typg MSS. Mod. chgs. Mary Wallis, 13 Sudbury Rd, Halstead, Ex.

MRS Jolly will type or duplicate it for you. 26 Charing Cross Rd. TEM. 5588

JAY Cory for all typing, duplicating Bills/ Quantity. Parliament Mansions, Abbey Orchard St, SW1 ABBey 2354/5817

MANUSCRIPTS typed Pat Johnson, 12 Bournemouth Rd, SW19 MOU 6136

ACCURATE professional typewriting, highly recommended by famous authors & publishers. Novels, plays, poetry, theses etc. Revision/editing. Mrs D. Shirley, 138 Green Lane, Edgware, Middx. STO. 6020.

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JEAN McDougall for typing, translations, 24-hour duplicating service. 31 Kensington Church St, W8. WES. 5809.

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INTERNATIONAL Translators, 114 Junction Road, N19. ARChway 4009, for prompt and efficient service.

HOLIDAY TRAVEL

GREEK and Italian Villa Parties for intelligent young people. Prices (from 41 gns in Italy and 59 gns in Greece) include free trips by minibus, car, boat or 'Murisoncart', free wine, use of snorkels (aqualungs on Elba) and travel mostly by air. Murison Small, Travel Organiser, 11 Beauchamp Place, SW3. PARk 7055.

PROTRAVEL have something for everyone. Write now for your copy of our 1961 booklet 'Better Holidays' Protravel (NS), 12 Gt Castle St, Oxford Circus, W1 (behind Peter Robinson) LAN 3101.

WHERE TO STAY

DEVON. Old Court, Berrynarbor, Ilfracombe. Centrally heated Guest House in Old World Village, 1 mile sea. French & English cuisine, 6-9 gns per week. Tel. Combe Martin 3066.

COTSWOLDS. Guests welcomed in simple country house in lovely valley. 8 gns. Mid-September 7 gns. Also small furnished cottage. Mrs Collier, 'Steanbridge', nr Stroud, Glos. Tel. Painswick 2093.

VISITORS to London. Comfortable accom. with breakfast. BAY. 1310.

HILL-lovers offer hospitality in converted farmhouse. Beautiful & remote position Welsh mountains nr Llyn Geirionydd. Mod. comfort, good food & fires. Friendly & informal, 7-8 gns. George & Elaine Bonner, Penrallt, Trefriw. Tel. Llanrwst 566.

SUSSEX. Glyndebourne visitors and others welcome 18th Cent. Lamb House, Chapel Hill, Lewes. Comf. rms, b'fast Tel. 3773.

RECUPERATION at Higham House in 53 beautiful acres. Comf., rest, exercise. Entirely vegetarian. Farm eggs and milk. Treatment if desired. Health lectures. Write for terms, broch., Higham Hse, Salehurst, Robertsbridge, Sx Robertsbridge 426

KESWICK Highfield Vegetarian Guest House, The Heads, offers beautiful views, good, exclusively vegetarian meals, comfort & friendly atmosphere. Broch., Mr & Mrs N Lusby, VCA Mems. Tel. 508

LITTLE Guide to Village Inns, Farms, Hotels on and off the beaten track round Britain's coast & country 5s posted N. S. Hilton, Sundial House, Torquay.

PERSONAL

YOUNG couple offer to baby-sit, caretake, etc, 3-4 nights p. wk in part-exchange for flat near South Ken. Box 5179.

EGO of experienced secretary (married, full-time job) needs gratuitous but gratifying work one evening p.w. Box 5182.

ENGLISHMAN, 29, writer, wishes to live in France. Capacity for hard work and administration. Any offers of help/advice would be gratefully received. Box 5132.

AUSTRALIA: 1 vacancy left on 3-masted schooner sailing Sydney end August. RIChmond 1665.

ARCHITECT living in the country requires London pied-à-terre. Unfurnished single room with bath and cooking facilities. Bloomsbury, City or Angel. Box 5199.

NEW York City, USA. Mature student, 20/23, Scottish or Danish preferred, companion for 16 yr old boy. Sailing cruise from Scandinavia 15 Sept. crossing Atlantic to Caribbean. Part-time companion NYC for 1 yr thereafter. Expenses, good salary. Personal interview arranged Edinburgh 21-31 August, London 5-8 September. Write details Box 5093.

INDIVIDUAL teaching & happy home offered to backward boy for next two or three terms. Companion to similar boy of 9. Wheeler, Pebble Court, Swinbrook, Oxford.

OFFICE Accommodation: One large bright room available, main road Hammersmith. Rent reasonable. TERminus 9276

NEW Music; how to play it, write it, enjoy it. Cornelius Cardew, FRE. 8849.

NEW Personalist Club. Conversation circles. Leisure activities. Informal approach. Writing, arts, thought. Box 5148.

NEW Playwrights! See and hear your work in walk-through readings on small stage. Write: Player-Playwrights, Box 5153.

DO you remember the Film Society? A history of the Film Society and the 108 programmes presented under its auspices is in preparation. From its first programme (1925, Paul Leni's 'Warning Shadows') to the last (1939, Eisenstein's 'Alexander Nevski') the Film Society held an important place in the British cultural scene. Would anybody who belonged or has memories or documents please write to the editor of the history – David Robinson, 36 Golden Square, London, W1.

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. Join Now. Entrance fee suspended, special rates for teachers, during summer months. Enquiries about membership and programme of exhibitions, lectures, discussions, concerts, library, club and licensed bar, apply to Secretary (M), 17 Dover Street.

PROFESSIONAL photographer visiting Europe in September: photographic commissions accepted. Box 5201.

200 postcards printed. Your name, address & telephone, 19s. 7d. Full printing service. Snowden, 19 Victoria Road, Broadstairs.

SHORTHAND-typists required: Temporary, 10-5 p.m. £12. MUSeum 6858.

CHILDREN'S Summer holidays in happy surroundings. Every care. Thanet House, Callis Court Rd, Broadstairs. Thanet 62783

AFTER 30 years of misery I found the way to relieve catarrh. My method is the result of many years' research, and it is most successful. 3d. stamp for details: S. R. Underwood (NS), 176 Regent Court, Sheffield, 6.

CASH Prizes in Aug. Story Competition. Free entry form and helpful booklet from British Institute of Fiction-Writing Science Ltd, 72 Fleet Street, London, EC4

PRINTING at less cost by offset litho with text in print-style type. Books, brochures, catalogues, etc., with illus. Susan Tully Ltd, 9 Blenheim St, W1 MAY 6093

TAPE recorders, Hi-Fi equipment, cameras, projectors, special terms for prof. people. Our quotations are most interesting. Please state wants. Box 4669

DOMESTICS Unlimited (ACY) for reliable cleaners & babysitters. CUN 0461

IMPECCABLE printing for NS readers Letterheads to books. The Blado Press, 171 Strand, Surrey St, WC2. TEM 2545

THE Linguists' Club. London's International Centre, Niddry Lodge, Holland St, W8 (WES 0989), & 20 Grosvenor Pla., SW1 (SLO 9595), for conversn & tuition

SHORT Story Writing for Profit. The ideal hobby. Interesting prospectus free. The Regent Institute (S/191), Palace Gate, W8

MODERN Contact Lens Centre, 7(N) Endsleigh Court, WC1. Booklet sent

PRINTING at less cost than duplicating, even short runs, even when illustrated – and at what speed! William Kempner Ltd, 36 Brooke Street, EC1. CHA. 3588

WIN £100 First Prize in easy Quiz Competition. Send for Free Entry Form – plus Free 'Know-How Guide to Writing Success'. No Sales – No Fees training. Free 'Writer' subscription; two free writing encyclopaedias. BA School of Successful Writing Ltd, 124 New Bond St, London, W1

NOT C. of E.? Perhaps Humanist. Write Ethical Union (F), 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, London, W8.

PHILIP Humphreys, psychologist, formerly of Prince's Gate, now at Richmond. RIC. 4416.

PERSONAL—continued

SPEECH Training. English for foreigners. Miss Shackman, LRAM. SLO. 4154.

MR M. DAVIDSON, FSMC, Ophthalmic Optician, attends the Hatton Optical Co., 19 Hatton Garden, Holborn, EC1. (Tel. HOL. 8193).

AT any age nothing is more important than the right career. Consult the Vocational Guidance Association, Devonshire Street, W1. WELbeck 8017.

WRITE for Profit with the Premier School of Journalism Ltd (founded 1919), 53 Fleet Street, London, EC4. Lessons and exercises by top journalists and fiction writers. Write to Dept 7 for free copy of 'You In Print' and details of Special Guarantee. Free market service available to students.

VISION corrected. Sight improved without glasses. Qualified Bates Practitioner Michael Ronan, 29 Gloucester Road, SW7. KNIghtsbridge 7323.

FAMILY Planning Booklet free under plain, sealed cover. Premier Laboratories (Box 46), 333 Gray's Inn Rd, WC1.

4¾% Interest (Tax paid by The New Homes Building Soc., E. Twickenham). Invest in a Society devoted only to assist owner-occupiers. Chair: A. Marlowe, MP.

LONDON Contact Lens Centre, 66 New Cavendish St, Harley St, London, W1. Phone MUSeum 8923, also at Oxford, Cambridge, Ipswich.

CRYING over spilt milk is unforgivable. But all the world would excuse outright sobs over a spilt bottle of superb El Cid Sherry. That's the precious Amontillado one guards with loving care.

DUREX gloves and rubber surgical appliances sent under plain cover. Write or call for our free price list now. Fiertag, Dept N.N., 34 Wardour St, London, W1.

ACCOMMODATION VACANT

UNIVERSITY Lecturer offers two spacious unfurnished rooms in his Hampstead Village flat from 25 September. Box 5139.

PROF. woman, thirtyish, reqd share large flat two others. 70s. p.w. 1 min. Finchley Road Station. Box 5149.

HAMPSTEAD. Charming single bed-sit. 3½ gns p.w. incl. service. PRI. 0488.

FREE flat in pleasant London suburb offered in return for care of small child. Please write Box 5275.

CONGENIAL atmosphere: single furn. rm, 57s. 6d. HAM. 8109 wkends/after 4 p.m.

ISLINGTON. Furn. flat available to 1 October. £6 p.wk. NORth 5822.

FURN. flat: 2 lge rms, bathrm, kit., c.h.w., frig. 5 mins Hampstead Heath. 8 gns wkly, fr. 1 Nov.-31 March. Box 5045.

INTERNATIONAL Residential Club, 300 dble & sgle rooms. £4 10s. full board. 12 Parkhill Rd, East Croydon CRO 2634

LEAMINGTON: bachelor, 40, fresh air fiend, quiet, offers share of humble home. Box 5206.

FURN. cottage Devon to let winter, 3 gns per week. Elec., all mains, telephone, sleep 7. Box 5014.

MOUSEHOLE, Cornwall. 4-room cottage facing sea. Sleep 4/8. From 16 Sept. 8 gns. Long let Oct.-Mar. 2 gns. Gillingham, Steep, Petersfield.

ACCOMMODATION WANTED

IMPECUNIOUS research student & wife require flat or bed-sit., Sept.-Oct./part, preferably Bloomsbury or North London; would baby-sit. Box 4577.

LONDON 'Varsity lecturer, Indian lady, reqs flatlet for two, nr tube, mod. rent, long let from end August. Box 5072.

BLOOMSBURY area. Business girl reqs furn. bed-sit., cooking facs. Box 5193.

CHEAP flats and rooms with cooking facilities required for students. Please write, stating terms, to Miss Owen, Royal College of Art, South Kensington, SW7.

CAMBRIDGE graduate couple, English/Jamaican, seek s/c. flat, unfurn. (5 gns), furn. (7 gns), near City. Box 5097.

1,000-2,000 square feet wanted near tube station – Hampstead / Kensington / Knightsbridge/Chelsea. Ground floor, first or second floor. Box 5171.

WILL sympathetic landlord, landlady let furnished s/c. flat or flatlet to quiet, reliable, West African journalist working London. Highest references. Box 5240.

RAILWAY clerk sks easy reach Euston: quiet furn. room(s) where he can eat, sleep, read, type & play LP's (classical) without worrying the neighbours. Box 5230.

CANADIAN film artist and family require studio flat, phone, bath, in September. Write: Mr Gladstone, White Cottage, Barley Road, Great Chishill, Herts.

PROPERTIES FOR SALE

KENT coast. Licd Guest Hse. 19 beds. £12,000. Suit. conversion flats. Box 5180

1 mile Aylesbury. House of character. 3½ bedrms, 3 recep., 2 baths, c.h., garage. Rural setting, near bus stop. £4,650. Phone Stoke Mandeville 3238.

OPERA AND BALLET

THE ROYAL OPERA HOUSE
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COVENT GARDEN OPERA
Season opens 14 Sept.
Rep. includes new productions of
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and DIE WALKURE

THE ROYAL BALLET
Season opens 13 Sept.
Rep. includes new productions of
DIVERSIONS and
JABEZ AND THE DEVIL

Programme available.
Booking now open.
Tel: COV. 1066.

THEATRES

ARTS. TEM. 3334. Evenings 8.0, Sat. 5.0, 8.0. 'Lady Chatterley'. Members.

MERMAID. (CITy 7656). Commencing Tues. John Ford's 'Tis Pity She's a Whore'. 6.0 and 8.40.

ROYAL Court, SLO. 1745. Evenings at 7.30, Sat. 5 & 8.15, Thurs 2.30, Arnold Wesker's 'The Kitchen'.

SAVILLE. TEM. 4011. Com. Wed. 7.30, subs. Evgs 8.30. Wed. & Sat. 6.15 & 8.50. Joan Sims, Ronnie Stevens, Millicent Martin, The Lord Chamberlain Regrets . . .! The Myers-Cass Revue.

UNITY. EUS. 5391 Beer & Skittles! New Edition Melodrama & Music Hall! Londoners should bring their visitors Fri., Sats., Suns. 7.45 Theatre members 5s p.a.

AMATEUR Rep. reqs experienced Actors and Actresses (Character and Juvenile) also set designers, for Autumn Season. Casting in progress. The Entertainer, Four One Act Plays by Tennessee Williams, The Playboy Of The Western World, The Tunnel Of Love, The Old Ladies, The White Devil (250th Production), Come Closer and Look (New Play). Mountview Theatre Club, 104 Crouch Hill, N8. (MOU. 5885).

CONCERTS

ROYAL ALBERT HALL
HENRY WOOD
PROMENADE CONCERTS

Nightly (Sundays excepted) at 7.30
until Saturday 16 September

Tickets: 9s. and 6s., at Hall (KEN. 8212) and Agents. 2,000 Promenade, 3s., available nightly at doors only.

ENTERTAINMENTS

ACADEMY (GER. 2981). Morning Shows daily 11 a.m. (ex. Suns). Mozart's 'Don Giovanni' (U) in col. Cond. Furtwangler

EVERYMAN. HAM. 1525. Summer Revivals. Until 27 Aug.: Laurence Olivier in 'Wuthering Heights' (U). From 28 Aug.: Jacques Tati in 'Mon Oncle' (U).

ROYAL Festival Hall. Sunday Film Season – Sundays only until 10 Sept. 6 p.m. Soviet Ballet film of Shakespeare's Othello (U). 8.30 p.m. Bolshoi prod. Tchaikovsky's opera Queen of Spades (U). All seats bookable. WATerloo 3191.

EXHIBITIONS

BRIGHTON
ROYAL PAVILION

Regency Exhibition. State and Private Apartments fully furnished. Original Furniture from Buckingham Palace. Unpublished letters of Geo. IV. Dolphin Furniture from the Admiralty. Relics and Memorial Objects of the Princess Charlotte.

Open 10 to 8 daily including Sundays.

MOLTON Gallery. Martinez: Sculpture. First London Exhibition 10 Aug.-2 Sept. 44 South Molton St, W1. MAY. 2482

EXHIBITIONS—continued

ITALIAN Bronze Statuettes: 15th to 18th centuries. Arts Council exhibition. Victoria & Albert Museum. Till 1 Oct. Mon., Wed., Fri., Sat. 10-6; Tues, Thurs 10-8; Sun. 2.30-6. Adm. 3s. 6d.

MARLBOROUGH, 39 Old Bond St, W1 (HYD. 6195). 'Some Aspects of 20th Century Art'. Dubuffet, Gris, Klee, Leger, Picasso, Pollock, de Stael, Moore, etc Admission free 10-5, Sats 10-12.

HANOVER Gallery, 32A St George Street, W1. Sculpture: Arp, Butler, César, Giacometti, Hoflehner, Laurens, Matisse, Marini, Moore, Picasso, Richier. Until 1 Sept. Daily 10-5.30 Saturdays 10-1

GANYMED Reproductions on view at 11 Gt Turnstile, WC1. Ill. catalogue 2s.

THE Truth About South Africa. Meet your friends for coffee at the Marquee (adj. Academy Cinema), Oxford Street, and see the Exhibition 'Anatomy of Apartheid'; Mon. & Tues. 11 a.m.-6.30 p.m., Wed. & Sat. 11 a.m.-5 p.m., Thur. & Fri. 11 a.m.-9 p.m. Adm. 1s. Refrs, music & bookstall.

VISIT Upper Grosvenor Galleries, 19 Upper Grosvenor St, London, W1. Tel. HYD. 3091. Open 10 a.m. to 6 p.m. Saturdays 10-1 p.m. Old Masters.

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. Alexander Liberman. Until 26 August. 26 Young Sculptors. Private View 30 August, 6 p.m. 31 August-7 October. Adm. 1s., members free.

WOODSTOCK Gallery, 16 Woodstock St, W1. MAYfair 4419. Jasper Rose, Clara Salvatori, Wendy Sparks: Paintings. 21 Aug. to 9 Sept. Daily 10-6, Sats 10-1.

WADDINGTON Galleries, 2 Cork St, W1. Hilton, Hitchens, Heron, Frost, Yeats. Wynter, etc. 10-6, Sats 10-1.

CANALETTO Gallery, opp. 60 Bloomfield Road, W9. Paintings by Eugene Gricius. 11 a.m.-6 p.m. daily.

NEW London Gallery, 17-18 Old Bond St, W1. 10-5, Saturdays 10-12. New London Situation.

STAGE Design in Great Britain since 1946. Arts Council Gallery, 4 St James's Sq., SW1. Closes tomorrow. Friday, Saturday 10-6. Admission 1s. 6d.

AGNEW Gallery, 43 Old Bond Street, W1. Old Masters at under £200. (second Edition). 9.30 to 5.30, Monday to Friday.

DRIAN Galleries, 5-7 Porchester Place, Marble Arch, W2. Until 11 September. Six Flemish Painters. In co-op. with Madeleine Gallery, Brussels, sculpture by Rummel

ARTISTS of Fame and Promise, Part II, at the Leicester Galleries, Leicester Square. 10-5.30. Sats 10-1.

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum, The Wellcome Building, Euston Road, NW1. Portraits of Fellows of the Royal Society, 1660-1680. Electricity in the Service of Medicine and other exhibitions Mon.-Fri 10-5 Admission Free.

NUDES of Jean Straker - Photography 12-9 5s Visual Arts 12 Soho Sq. W1

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

LISTENING Meeting. 5th in Series will be held at Friends House, Euston Rd, 7.30 p.m. Mon. 28 August. Alderman P. G. F. Barry, JP, will speak on Civil Defence to Rate and Tax refusers and sympathisers. The Chair will be taken by Donald Groom who has worked in India with Gandhi and Vinoba Bhave.

EXPERIMENT in Conference Technique. One Day Conference on 'The Bomb – What Am I Doing?' using silence and not interrupting in word or thought. 10 a.m. to 6 p.m. 457 Fulham Rd, SW10. Sun., 3 Sept.

'KARMA and Moral Responsibility'. Public lecture. 27 Aug., 8 p.m. Free lit. S.a.e. ULT, 62 Queen's Gardens, W2.

SPIRITUALISM proves survival. Lectures and demonstrations daily. London HQ, 33 Belgrave Square, SW1. BEL. 3351.

'MY Apprenticeship' – the second part of the Maxim Gorky Trilogy. The New Jewish Society, 83 Chiltern St, W1. Wed., 30 August at 8 p.m. Admn to guests: 3s. 6d.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

ATV's 'Forum', Sunday, 27 August. Motion No. 10: 'Britain has no time for Space'. Main Speakers: Fred Jarvis (National Union of Teachers) and Roland Freeman (London Municipal Society). Why not join the audience and take part yourself in live programme? Be at the Studios, 98 Highbury New Park, N5, by 1 p.m. Stay afterwards for recording of next debate. Motion No. 11: 'Chastity is outmoded'. Main speakers: John Nott and Giles Shaw.

ATV's 'Forum' – special recordings on Tuesday, 29 August of two debates. Motion No. 12: 'The flow of immigrants into Britain should be drastically curtailed'. Main speakers: Toby Jessel and Michael Hydleman. Motion No. 13: 'HM Government has lost the confidence of the nation'. Main speakers: Tony Firth and Peter Goldman. Why not join the audience and take part yourself in these programmes? Be at the Studios, 98 Highbury New Park, N5, by 7 p.m.

BERLIN. Emergency Conference Sat. 2 Sept., Caxton Hall, 2.30-7.30. Tea 5-6 p.m. Speakers: Michael Howard, Ralph Schoenman, Raymond Fletcher. Chairman: Geo. Clark. Westminster CND. FRE. 2183.

'THE Fiction of J. D. Salinger', a lecture by Arthur Mizener, Professor of English, Cornell University; author of 'The Far Side of Paradise: A Life of Scott Fitzgerald' et al. American Embassy Theatre, Upper Brook Street entrance, Thursday, 31 August, 6.30 p.m. Admission free.

R. VEDANTA Centre, 68 Dukes Av., Muswell Hill, N10: Thurs. 31 Aug., 7.30, Kingsway Hall, Holborn, Swami Premanand (Guest Speaker): 'Religion in the Age of Science'.

LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

THE POLYTECHNIC
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Session 1961-62.

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